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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1845.

REVIEWS

The English Hexapla, containing the Six Important Vernacular Translations of the New Testament Scriptures; arranged in Parallel Columns under the Greek Original. Preceded by an elaborate Account of the Translations and Translators. Part I. 4to. Bagster & Sons.

WE noticed this important work on its first publication [No. 722]; but this new edition is preceded by a useful introduction, and is to be issued in twelve monthly parts, which will place it within the reach of many readers who could not conveniently spend a couple of guineas at once on the whole volume. On account of this introduction, and of this popular mode of publication, we shall again direct attention to the work as a valuable contribution to biblical literature.

The six versions referred to are:—

1. A.D. 1380 (or thereabouts). Wicliff's, the harbinger of the Reformation.
2. A.D. 1534. Tyndale's own revised edition, originally published at Antwerp.
3. A.D. 1539. The version printed under the care of Archbishop Cranmer.
4. A.D. 1557. That made and printed by the exiles at Geneva during Queen Mary's reign.
5. A.D. 1582. That prepared by the Roman Catholic College of Rheims.
6. A.D. 1611. King James's, or the authorized version.

Wicliff's translation has been twice published before—by Lewis and Baber—but less accurately than on the present occasion: the version before us being printed from a MS. in the library of the late Duke of Sussex. Its chief value to the modern student arises, not so much from its conveying the sense of Scripture, as from its being a valuable specimen of early English. As the author of the introduction observes: "It is far more vernacular than the language of Chaucer: it reflects more correctly the common speech of our fathers." If it has few traces of the racy genius of that noble poet, it has still the advantage of carrying us back to the household speech of the people—of making us acquainted with their simple but forcible idiomatical expressions. To the philologist, therefore, it must ever be an object of interest. Of the other versions, all are of great scarcity: thus, that of Tyndale and that of Cranmer are reprinted from the copies preserved in the Baptist College, Bristol; while the authorized version is from an old black-letter copy in the possession of a private clergyman. The Geneva and Anglo-Rhemish are equally inaccessible to the public, and could be consulted only in a work like the present, where neither expense nor trouble has been spared to attain a given object in its perfection.

The Greek text, which occupies the head of each page, is taken from Scholz (Leipzig, 1830-1836): it is said to have been purged from the typographical inaccuracies of that edition, and collated with Griesbach; the various readings from Stephens, Beza, and the Elzevirs, together with those from the Constantinopolitan and the Alexandrine codices, being noted. Thus the scholar has the opportunity of comparing at a glance each of the versions with the original, and of noticing the various modes in which a passage is rendered—a great advantage in all cases, and especially where the versions differ. Well was it said by old Bishop Coverdale, above three centuries ago, "Sure I am that there cometh more knowledge and understanding of

the Scriptures by their sundry translations, than by all the glosses of our sophistical doctors. For that one interpreteth something obscurely in one place, the same translateth another (or else he himself) more manifestly by a more plain vocabole of the same meaning in another place."

The introduction relating to "English Translations and Translators" is useful, and to biblical students, as well as to philologists, it must be interesting. Not that it contains anything novel; but it has the merit of exhibiting, in a small compass, the leading facts bearing on the subject. Let us not suppose that our forefathers, even in the Saxon times, were wholly excluded from the reading of Scripture in the vernacular tongue. The most ancient attempt that has yet been discovered to make any portion of Holy Writ accessible to Saxons, is the metrical paraphrase attributed to Cædmon, monk of Whitby, which Mr. Thorpe has edited and translated. The British Museum contains a Roman Psalter, with a very ancient Saxon version; but its date cannot be fixed. It is certain, however, that Bede translated the Gospels into Saxon—the last act of that admirable man being to conclude the last verse of St. John's Gospel. 'The Durham Book,' as it is called, contains the four Gospels, with the Latin text from Jerome; and its age must be very great—probably of the ninth century. Another, called the 'Rushworth Gloss,' in the Bodleian Library, is, perhaps, of equal antiquity—it, too, contains the Gospels. If Alfred the Great had not been interrupted in his labours by death, we should have had a Psalter of his; but we have the book of Proverbs translated in his reign. No Saxon, whether ecclesiastic or layman, did so much in this way as Elfric, since he translated the Pentateuch, Joshua, Judges, Esther, Job, Judith, two books of Maccabees, and a part of Kings. Another version of the Gospels, executed immediately before the Conquest, seems to close the list of the chief Saxon translators—so far as we know them; for it must not be forgotten that, owing to the Danish ravages, literary pursuits were suspended, and the monuments of former ages destroyed. Probably we have no allusion to a tenth part of the scriptural versions once existing in the vernacular tongue. Whether they could be read by many besides the ecclesiastics, and whether, therefore, they were of any utility to the nation at large, is a different question. We believe not; for, though in the great monasteries, and in many cathedrals, schools flourished, we have no reason to infer that they were well attended, save by youths designed for the church. There were, indeed, lay students; but they seem to have held little proportion to the rest. The same remark may be applied to the period immediately following the Conquest: down, in fact, to the time of Henry VII. The disturbances so common in the Middle Ages, were nearly fatal to the literary pursuits even of the ecclesiastics; and, indeed, except in some of the monasteries, where royal tyranny or feudal violence could not easily penetrate, there was little reading. We have, to be sure, many records of this period; but when we call to mind the extent of time which it embraces, and the fact that there had been no foreign invasions to destroy the material and intellectual objects of life, we can term them many only *per se*,—not in reference to what they might and ought to have been. If there are many homilies, many dogmatic and ascetic productions, there are few translations from Scripture. Three MSS. of the Gospels, in the vulgar tongue, may be referred to the reign of the first Plantagenet. The 'Ormulum,' a paraphrase, or rather epitome of the Gospels and Acts of the Apostles (Bodleian), is of

more recent date. It is as rude, as feeble, and as *jejune* as that of Cædmon; and if it be anything like an index of the intellect or devotion of the age, we must place both at a low ebb. A more remarkable epitome is the 'Sowlehele' (also in the Bodleian), which may be attributed to the thirteenth century, certainly not to the twelfth. The title is a translation of *Salus Animæ*; but the work (which is metrical) was no doubt immediately versified from the Vulgate. It contains the leading facts of both the Old and the New Testaments. This is a curious, and, so far as the language is concerned, a valuable relic of antiquity. The same may be said of a condensed paraphrase of Genesis and Exodus, and of a metrical version of the Psalter, which may be referred to the early part of the fourteenth century.

It is worthy of note, that not one of the preceding performances, after the Saxon times, can be called literal translations. All of them aim at giving the sense only,—some in a condensed, others in a periphrastic form: indeed, several of them are homilies in verse on certain Scripture narratives. Richard Rolle, monk of Hampole, and nearly contemporary with Wicliff, is said to have been the first that aimed at a literal prose translation of any part of the Scriptures. This we do not believe; but he may be called the first whose efforts are yet known to us, or which have been preserved. His version of the Psalms is, in a philological sense, a valuable relic; and the same may be said of the translation of the greater part of the New Testament (C. C. Coll. Cambridge), which, from internal evidence, may be assigned to the fourteenth century. Previous to Wicliff, it was, probably, the most important attempt ever made in our language to render the Scriptures intelligible to the people. We say probably, for in many writers of the Middle Ages, we find allusions to translations of large portions of the sacred volume, as existing at a period much anterior to Hampole: in more than one writer, too, (we believe in one of Gorssiteste's biographers) there is a distinct reference to a vernacular version of the entire Scriptures. But if they really existed, they have long disappeared: for, certainly, no such entire version is known prior to Wicliff, who stands at the head of English translators.

The life and labours of this celebrated man are not, perhaps, a fit subject for the *Athenæum*. Besides, if they were, they have been so often and so amply discussed, that we should not be disposed to enter into it. On that subject the introduction before us is necessarily brief; but it is copious enough for the specific purposes of 'The English Hexapla,' which has nothing to do with his opinions in politics and on social life. In conclusion, we repeat our recommendation—most cordially repeat it—of the work before us to all readers who wish to obtain a better knowledge of the New Testament, by comparing the interpretations of good and wise men with the original. Here they may do so without the intervention of sectarian prejudices. The true Catholic mind may here exercise itself with equal profit and pleasure.

Household Verses. By Bernard Barton. Virtue.

"The poetry of earth," we are told by the sensitive Keats, "is never dead—it ceases never." The grasshopper in the summer hedges, the cricket in the winter stove, alike testify to its continuance. Nor is it confined to the stranger "birds" who sometimes become "faint with the hot sun;" but humbler minstrels are gifted with the same spirit, though not with voices so loud and various. There are, too, some who may be classed as poets of genius, and some as poets of

taste—some who seem to derive their inspiration direct from the muses, and some indirectly from such of their sons as they have made masters of the art. It is pleasant to think that, in the least likely places of society, there have been spirits and minds like Mr. Barton's, who have carried the light of poetic sentiment into the dark corners of the counting-house and the market guild, and elicited evidence thereby of the rich heart of humanity underlying the hard practices of commerce—a thing of which no merchandise could be made, which might be given but not purchased, which could be exchanged with nothing but itself. Such men, in however humble a sense, are still entitled to the name of poets—their office is specially *creative* in the sphere to which they are confined. Mr. Barton has now been before the British public for a quarter of a century—has been received with repeated welcome—and, though silent for the last nine years, is still fresh in the recollection of those true lovers of poesy who track the bye-ways as well as the highways of its glorious influence. The volume before us is the eighth of Mr. Barton's poems, and is characterized by all those traits of amiable sentiment, elegant diction and smooth metre which gave to the previous seven that popular currency for which we are doubtless indebted to their successor.

The title of the volume before us is humble, but touching; and the book is appropriately addressed to Her Majesty, as a testimony to her domestic virtues. An Englishman's fireside—household names—and household hearths are phrases which are peculiarly dear to a people who boast of having the word "home" in the lexicon of their tongue. The subjects are, for the most part, appropriate to the title: some, however, are of a more ambitious order; e.g.

Veres

Suggested by an inscription on a tombstone in Melrose Abbey.

Earth walketh on the earth,
Glistering like gold;
Earth goeth to the earth,
Sooner than it wold!
Earth buildeth on the earth
Palaces and towers;
Earth saith to the earth,
All shall be ours!

Most musical! most melancholy!
To my spirit's ear,
Chiding earth-born care and folly,
These quaint lines appear;
Be their solemn lesson scanned;
Earth-worm! hear, and understand.

Earth on earth still proudly walketh,
'Glistering like gold!'
To the silent grave he stalketh,
'Sooner than he wold!'
Man is earth, and therefore must
Mingle with his parent dust!

Man on earth yet proudly reareth
'Palaces and towers!'
And each edifice appeareth
Worthy of his powers,
Were it his ambitious aim
Thus to leave himself a name!

Earth—the pile and builder eyeing,
From her hidden shrine,
Says, to both alike replying,
'Ye shall soon be mine!
One shall crumble on my breast,
One beneath my turf shall rest!'

But is earth, then, thus victorious
Over what must live?
No! a destiny more glorious
Deathless mind can give!
Unto this it gave not birth;
This can ne'er return to earth.

His whose solemn thought and feeling
Left upon this stone
These few words, to both appealing,
Has earth's boast o'erthrown;
'Earth to earth'—with all her powers,
Cannot say 'All shall be ours!'

He hath passed death's shadowy portal;
In these lines he lives!
And, to spirits as immortal,
Words of warning gives:
Would ye triumph over earth,
Bear in mind your heavenly birth.

The verses 'To a professional friend on his retirement' are elegant, but too long for entire

quotation—while partial extracts would be ineffective. Beautiful, in another way, are the initial verses, 'To the memory of Elizabeth Hodgkin':—

Lilies, spotless in their whiteness,
Fountains, stainless in their brightness,
Suns, in cloudless lustre sinking,
Fragrant flowers, fresh breezes drinking,
Music dying while we listen,
Dew-drops, falling as they glisten;
All things brief, and bright, and fair,
Many might with thee compare.

Symbols these of time and earth;
Not of thy more hidden worth!
Chorus, thy memory which endear,
Were not of this lower sphere;
Such we reverently trace,
Not of nature, but of grace!
By their birthright, pure and high,
Stamped with immortality.

Our next extract has a graver interest:—

On the Going out of the Old Year.

Eighteen hundred forty-four!
Soon thy twelve months will be o'er;
And thy memory only be
All that shall survive of thee!
Every year that hurries by,
Though it wait not for reply,
Brings, as plainly as it can,
Serious questions home to man;
Tells him that he is but dust;
That he holds his life 'IN TRUST!'
And that trust's discharge demands
Sober reckoning at his hands.

Ask me, then, of by-gone years,
What their true result appears?
Some of us have known enow
To write wrinkles on the brow:
What of wisdom have they taught?
What true pleasure have they brought?
What of real growth in good?
Questions these—in thoughtful mood
It becomes us oft to ask,
Not to turn from as a task:
Life's best boon we all confess,
Wisdom, virtue, happiness.

Is the world much wiser grown,
When the surplice and the gown,
Turning east, or turning west,
Are of magnitude confessed,
And, in days of fearful signs,
Dwells upon by grave divines?
Shall we never comprehend,
That Religion's aim, and end,
In such things can have no part,
But appeals unto THE HEART?
There would rear her hallowed throne,
Rule and reign by love alone!

Are we HAPPIER? Truest bliss
Surely should consist in this—
In the happiness of ALL,
High and low, and great and small!
What though every rising sun
See new wreaths by science won;
Though the acts their trophies show,
And the rich may richer grow;
Science, commerce, wealth, and art,
Leave ungladdened many a heart!
Are there more, or are there less,
Who now share in HAPPINESS?

Are we BETTER? Growth in good,
Truly felt and understood,
Means a growth in every grace,
Shining in its proper place:
It implies a growth in love
Unto Him who reigns above!
Love to all His creatures here,
Rendered, for his sake, more dear!
Tried by this unerring test,
Genuine goodness is confessed;
Heavenly in its aim and birth,
It would make a heaven on earth!

If such questions, and replies,
Bid misgiving doubts arise,
May those doubts but urge us, still,
So to weigh the good and ill
Of our daily walk in life,
That it be not found at strife
With His merciful intent
Who another year hath lent:
But, with humbled, grateful hearts,
May we so perform our parts,
That in each God yet may give,
We wiser, happier, better live!

Some recollections of John Scott and Amwell invite us to pause—but we are bent on travel, and stop not until we arrive at some 'Fireside Verses,' which, as justifying the title of the book, we extract:—

The gladsome hearth, the gladsome hearth,
Where social thought flows free;
Through all the shifting scenes of life
The fond heart turns to thee.

The cheerful hearth, the cheerful hearth,
Where childhood's happy voice
Gladdens the twilight hour of rest,
And bids each home rejoice.

The holy hearth! the holy hearth!
Around whose sacred flame
Each household church doth daily bow,
To plead a Saviour's name.

The blessed hearth, the blessed hearth,
By hearths encircled round,
Whose rule of life, and on whose lips,
The law of love is found.

The saddened hearth, the saddened hearth,
Whence sweetest sounds are stilled;
The vacant seat the tone subdued,
The eyes with tears oft filled.

The quenched hearth, the quenched hearth,
Whose flame will yet arise,
Will yet impart its cheerful glow
To welcome strangers' eyes.

Thus human hearts, 'thus human hearts,
Their daily records tell
Of human hopes—extinct, o'erthrown,
Which seemed unquenchable!

There is a home, an endless home!
To it we fondly turn,
Where buried hopes, immortal made,
With purer flame shall burn.

Mr. Barton is fond of pious sentiments and themes. We give one example of the way in which he "improves" scriptural topics.

The Pool of Bethesda.

"That there should be one man die ignorant, who had a capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy."—THOMAS CARLYLE.

Pale, weary watcher by Bethesda's pool,
From dewy morn to silent, glowing eve;
While round thee play the freshening breezes cool,
Why wilt thou grieve?

Listen! and thou shalt hear the unearthly tread
Of heaven's bright herald passing swiftly by,
O'er the calm pool his healing will to spread:
Why wilt thou die?

At his approach, once more the troubled wave
Leaps gushing into life, its torpor gone;
Once more called forth its boasted power to save,
Which else had none!

Ah! then his spirit feels a deeper grief,
When o'er the rippling surface healing flows;
His wasted limbs experience no relief;
No help he knows!

Healing, and strength, and cure for all his woe,
May linger round that sacred fountain's brim;
Yet all unable he one step to go:
No cure for him!

No friend is watching there, whose anxious love
For him prompt access to the pool can win!
Soon as the angel did the waters move,
Others stepped in!

Oh ye! who idly pass unheeding by,
Knew ye the sickening pang of hope delayed,
Your listless steps would eagerly press nigh,
And give him aid.

Ah! wretched lot, of gnawing want to die,
While smiling plenty mocks us all around;
Or, shipwrecked, watch, as we all helpless lie,
Others home-bound!

Yet sadder far, to him who reads aright
The story of our being's end and aim,
The spirit darkened 'mid surrounding light
By sin and shame!

To see the impervious clouds of prejudice,
Round which the sunbeams pour their light in vain
The dead soul, fettered by the films of vice,
Knows not its chain.

Then if thy spirit freedom, knowledge drink,
Bathed in that living fount which maketh pure,
Oh! aid thy brother, ere he helpless sink,
To work his cure!

Hopeless, and helpless, vainly did he turn
For help or pity to the busy throng;
Yet found them both in *OWS*, whose heart did burn
With love, how strong!

Though, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Barton has a taste for the fine art of a more ornamental creed.

Sanzas

Suggested by a beautiful copy of the Madonna and Child. Presented to me by my friend Mary Frances Fitzgerald.

I may not change the simple faith
In which from childhood I was bred;
Nor could I, without scorn, or sear, the
The living seek among the dead;
My soul has far too deeply fed
On what no painting can express,
To bend the knee, or bow the head,
To nought of pictured loveliness.

And yet, Madonna! when I gaze
On charms unearthly, such as thine;
Or glance yet more reverent raise
Unto that infant so Divine!
I marvel not that many a shrine
Hath been, and still is reared to thee,
Where mingled feelings might combine
To bow the head and bend the knee.

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For who—that is of woman born,
And hath that birthright understood,
Mindful of being's early morn,
Can e'er behold with thoughtless mood,
Most pure and perfect womanhood?
Woman—by angel once addressed;
And by the wise, the great, the good
Of every age accounted blessed!

Or who that feels the spell—which Heaven
Casts round us in our infancy,
But, more or less, hath homage given
To childhood—half unconscious why?
A yet more touching mystery
Is in that feeling comprehended,
When thus is brought before the eye
Godhead with childhood strangely blended.

And hence I marvel not at all,
That spirits needing outward aid,
Should feel and own the magic thrall
In your meek loveliness displayed;
And if the objects thus portrayed
Brought comfort, hope, or joy to them,
Their error, let who will upbraid,
I rather pity—than condemn.

For me, though not by hands of mine
May shrine or altar be prepared;
In you, the human and Divine
Have both so beautifully appeared,
That each, in turn, hath been endeared,
As in you feeling has explored
Woman—with holier love revered,
And God—more gratefully adored.

Nor are the temples of an older worship not
dear to him—as witness his

One more Tribute

To my favourite old abbey at Leiston, Suffolk.
The beauty of Spring has over thee blown,
For thou canst yet her blessing share,
Decking, with beauty not their own,
Those walls, which else were bleak and bare;
The ivy's twining wreath is there,
And, brighter from that ivy's gloom,
Shedding its perfume on the air,
The wall-flower's golden bloom.

And thine is music, even now,
Which suits thy hoary ruins well;
The blackbird on the ivy-bough,
The bee that comes to store its cell,
Thou round these music's sweetest spell;
While its yet deeper charm is found,
When ocean's billows proudly swell,
In listening to their sound!

Thus, even in thy drear decline,
Though thou art crumbling in decay,
Beauty and Melody are thine,
Which cannot, will not pass away:
With every bright and balmy May
And each successive leafy June,
Thy walls in loveliness are gay,
Thy harmonists in tune!

But not in man's declining years,
Alas! can each reviving Spring,
To dimmer eyes, and duller ears,
A sense of fresh enjoyment bring:
Alike round peasant and round king,
When these approach life's closing stage,
Wants and infirmities must cling,
Nature cannot assuage!

Has Nature, then, done more for thee,
Than Nature's God would do for man?
Oh, surely not! With eyes to see,
And grateful hearts aright to scan,
His mercy's comprehensive plan,
We too, when health and strength decay,
Might find He gives, to life's last span,
More than He takes away!

The deathless wreath by wisdom twined,
Of thankful thoughts, and feelings high,
Beyond the ivy's we should find,
Though *thine* be lovely to the eye:
While hopes of immortality,
Far brighter than the wall-flower's bloom,
In darkest hours would still be nigh,
To cheer us through their gloom.

And sweeter far than bees' glad hum,
More rich and full than Nature's choir,
Would sound, though all on earth were dumb,
From gold harps touched by heavenly fire,
Glad songs of praise! Hope's strong desire
To FAITH would kindle at their sound;
That faith in triumph might expire,
And mightier LOVE be crowned!

His protest against slavery is nobly uttered:

Hast thou ever asked thyself
WHAT IT IS TO BE A SLAVE?
Bought and sold for sordid pelf,
From the cradle to the grave!

'Tis to know the transient powers
E'en of muscle, flesh, and bone,
Cannot, in thy happiest hours,
Be considered as thine own:

But THY MASTER'S goods and chattels
Lent to thee for little more
Than to fight his selfish battles
For some bits of shining ore!

'Tis to learn thou hast a heart,
Beating in that BARTERED frame,
Of whose ownership—no part
Thou canst challenge—but in name.

For the curse of slavery crushes
Out the life-blood from its core;
And expends its throbbing guashes
But to swell another's store.

God's best gift from heaven above,
Meant to make a heaven on earth,
Hallowing, humanizing LOVE!
With the ties which thence have birth:—

These can never be his lot,
Who, like brutes, is bought and sold;
Holding such—as having not
On his own the spider's hold!

'Tis to feel, e'en worse than this,
If aught worse than this can be,
Thou hast shined, for hale or blis,
An immortal soul in thee!

But that this undying guest
Shares thy body's degradation,
Until slavery's bonds, unblessed,
Check each kindling aspiration:

And what should have been thy light,
Shining e'en beyond the grave,
Turns to darkness worse than night,
Leaving thee a hopeless slave!

SUCH IS SLAVERY! Couldst thou bear
Its vile bondage? Oh! my brother,
How, then, canst thou wilt thou dare
To inflict it on another?

We may also commend the stanzas on 'Egypt
and the Nile'—'Sunset'—'Scottish Scenery'
and others, particularly the ballad of 'The
Child's Dream.'

Lusitanian Sketches in Pen and Pencil.

[Second Notice.]

In the former notice, we alluded to the legendary lore of Europe. Portugal, we may add, has its full share of the relics thus left by antiquity. Indeed, she could not fail to have them; for besides that Goth, Arab, and Moor resided for ages within her boundaries, her own children have never been without the imagination requisite for transmitting and augmenting what they received from others, or even for inventing where nothing existed. The following, no doubt, is of eastern origin—a vestige of Mohammedan domination in the Peninsula:—

"The most terrific of all the supernatural beings in Portugal is the *Bruxa* (pronounced *Broocha*). She is somewhat in her propensities like the Eastern Ghoul, or Vampire, from whom, probably, she was derived. In the day-time she is like any other woman, performing the duties of her household in a most exemplary manner. She may be a daughter of honest, good parents; she may marry, and have children; she may even be considered amiable, and is often very beautiful, though there is a certain fierce expression in her eye, and an ominous wrinkle on her otherwise fair brow, which the sceptical would suppose proceeded from care or affliction. Nobody can tell who are *Bruxas* and who are not. They never allow any mortal to discover it, and woe betide the wretch who shall attempt to pry into their secrets! They are a heaven-accursed sisterhood—their souls pledged to the Prince of Darkness by a compact renewed every night. Sometimes their daughters become *Bruxas*, if they by chance escape their infanticidal and vampirish propensities, or else they keep up their numbers by inveigling some hapless maiden whose heart has been turned from the right path, and who has abandoned the holy religion of the church, to join their association. She knows not whither she is to be led, or what is to be her fate, till it is too late to retract—when the fatal compact is signed and sealed with her blood—then, miserable girl! her shrieks, her cries, are of no avail. Repentance is impossible—even the saints themselves have no longer power or will to preserve her. From sun-set to sun-rise this demoniacal power possesses her; for during the day she returns to her family, no one suspecting the dreadful truth. When darkness has overspread the world, and the spirits of evil are let loose, the *Bruxas* rise from their couches, leaving, if married, their mortal and unsuspecting husbands, and flying to the company of their diabolical paramours. They are then, as a punishment for their crime we may suppose, transformed

into the shape of some noxious bird of night—owls or bats of gigantic size. Away they fly at a prodigious rate, far from their homes, over hill and dale, but especially across marshes, stagnant pools, and lakes—unwillingly they skim along the surface, gazing on their hideous forms reflected in the water, and perfectly conscious of their fate. They will sometimes, on these nocturnal rambles, encounter some friend or relation proceeding in one direction, and either by allurements, such as practised by Ariel in Prospero's island, or by force, will carry him to an opposite point, far away from the one he wished to reach; indeed, over strangers or anybody they meet they have the same power, provided he is not under the especial protection of the saints. Many a poor wretch has thus been led across the country, over rough rocks, and through brambles and briars, which have scratched his face, and torn his clothes, till almost worn to death, wet, weary, and bloody, he has at length returned home; his wife cursing the hellish *Bruxas* who have thus maltreated and led him astray. Truly the wine-shops have less to answer for than the *Bruxas*; for surely he could not have scratched his face against the bush hung up near the door, or when drunk have tumbled into a ditch! Oh no! the good man was never drunk in his life—he is rather pale now from very natural fear—the diabolical *Bruxas* did it all! After these demon-excited occupations, they, in one or other of the hideous forms allotted to them, with vampirish hunger will fly back to their peaceful homes, where sleep in calm repose their innocent offspring, born of a mortal father. Yet feeling a human loathing for their terrific task, their accursed propensities overcome their maternal love, and seizing on their babes, their black wings fanning them to repose, they suck the life-blood from their veins—dreadful fate! conscious all the time that they are destroying the only ones they love on earth. When they have destroyed these, they enter the cottages of their neighbours and friends, depriving of life in the same way their sleeping infants; and often when a child is found dead, livid, and marked with punctures, the sage women whisper to each other with fear and trembling, 'A *Bruxa* has done this,' casting eyes of dread suspicion at each other; for no one knows who the *Bruxa* may be. As the first streaks of the grey dawn appear, the miserable females return to their mortal forms, awaiting the time when they must perform their dread orgies, never forgetful of their fate."

The *Lobishomes* (from *lobo* a wolf, and *home* a man) are evidently the wolf-men—the loup-garous—so famous in France, in Easthonia, and other parts of Europe. But by some strange transformation of the legend, the *horse* is substituted for the wolf in Portugal—just as in some parts of France, and even of Persia, [see *ante*, p. 917.] the sheep is. In some of the older Celtic traditions, there was also another change—that of the serpent. Again—

"There is an extraordinary belief very general among the common people, and one very difficult to eradicate, or indeed to disprove, that the souls of the dead enter into the bodies of living persons, ejecting the rightful owners for the time being, in order to perform some duty neglected during their proper life-time. The only name I can learn for them is *Almas d'outro mundo*—souls of the other world; and they are supposed to be peculiarly favoured in thus being permitted to escape many of the pains and penalties of purgatory. If a person dies owing another a sum of money, he will enter the body of some one, and make him both gain the amount, and pay the debt; afterwards returning contentedly to the world of spirits, and leaving his deputy unconscious of what has occurred."

The country has also its "feiteiros" and "feiteiras," its wizards and witches, of whose existence no doubt is entertained by the uneducated, that is, nineteen-twentieths of the population. But the above extracts will sufficiently illustrate the deplorable ignorance which, like a dark cloud, covers the national mind. All that we can do is to hope that better days may soon arrive. But it is not easy to shake off the fetters of a thousand years.

The Pope, without influence almost everywhere else, has still great power in the peninsula:—

"A short time back the government, deeming that much useful time was wasted throughout the country by her majesty's liege subjects, petitioned his holiness the pope to abolish certain of the saints' days. After a great deal of hesitation and diplomatizing on his part, he consented to abolish three or four at the utmost, out of some sixteen or more which were kept as strict holidays; and for this inestimable favour a considerable recompense was demanded and paid; I forget exactly how much, but no slight sum, I know. The Roman power has never been noted for its liberality. It is willing enough to grant favours if paid sufficiently, but without remuneration it is inexorable. *Omnia sunt venalia Romæ*, said the satirist of old, and in truth we have little reason to contradict the assertion."

The money paid by the poor for the celebration of saints' days, and other silly displays—in fireworks, wax-candles, and, above all, in supporting the idle—would go far (especially if added to the papal tribute) towards relieving the abject poverty of the whole nation. The higher orders condemn such impositions as much as we do; but why do they not put a stop to them?

So much of our author's work is occupied in describing the religious features of social life, that in spite of ourselves we have been compelled to notice them more than we wished—the rather, as they are so often rendered amusing. One more extract, and we bid farewell to this subject:—

"The Portuguese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain; the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed, at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general however such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves obliged to spoil a new pair of trowsers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled the peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine, at a considerable distance, but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither."

Our author enters Spain by way of Almeida; and he is not long before, notwithstanding his prejudice, he renders justice to the superiority of the Spaniards over the Portuguese in the conveniences of life. It is astonishing to see the antipathy of the latter to the former, which the haughty don repays with contempt. The Portuguese hostess at Almeida was sorry to find the Englishman and his friend persist in going amongst such a people as the Spaniards:—

"Ah! meus Senhores," she said, "you are going among a very bad set of people, who will rob you on every side—among cheats, rogues, and vagabonds; but the women—they are most to be dreaded—trust them in no way: they will careen only for the sake of deceiving. Ah! they are wicked indeed!"

If anything went wrong with the party—if even a horse cast its shoe—the Portuguese servant would say: "This comes of travelling in Spain, a country full of deceit and treachery! If we are robbed and murdered, it will serve us right, and the devil will be pleased at his own work!" The man's spirit entered his master; but yet the latter must reluctantly praise. Speaking of a Spanish cottage which, in its exterior, offered little attraction, but which within was different, he says:—

"Everything around was in good order, clean, and neat, though coarse in the extreme—reminding me, in some respects, of a tidy English cottage, and such as one might in vain look for, I fear, among the same class of people in Portugal. I like the Portuguese far better than the Spaniards; I have more confidence in their virtue, and their valour, but the humblest cottage in Spain ought to put them to shame. The Spaniards have a very good idea of what we consider comfort and tidiness, the Portuguese peasant not the remotest approach to it; the cottage of the former is built to keep out the heat of summer as well as the frosts of winter; that of the latter admits every icy blast, while the rays of the sun pierce through their thin roofs."

The inns on the road to Salamanca, and the public institutions there, especially the Foundling Hospital, he finds equally superior to those of the country he has left. If he had extended his comparisons farther he would probably have found more reason for commendation. The Spaniard is every way the nobler animal.

Our author is much surprised at the heresy of a Spanish physician in undervaluing Don Quixotte. "He would not allow it to be even a second-rate work—it was little thought of at present in Spain—there were many much better romances." Hear the comment:—

"Truly, this observation of the worthy doctor's was too much in accordance with the principles of Young Spain—to despise all that their fathers venerated, to destroy all vestiges of their ancient monarchy—their only days of glory—because they have discovered that all was not right in those days. This they call liberty! this is their enlightenment! Forsooth! I would rather be the slave of an honest Turk, who reverences his Koran and puts his trust in Allah, than enjoy such liberty."

If Mr. Kingston were much acquainted with the literature of Spain, he would know that this famous book was never a general favourite. Indeed it was little read until it had been so highly praised beyond the Pyrenees, especially in France and England, as to excite the curiosity of the natives, and induce them to peruse it with ardour. After all, they never could see, and they cannot see at present, the beauties which so much enrapture foreigners. This fact would form the subject of a curious essay,—the more curious from its being little known in England,—and probably, at a future opportunity, we may revert to it. It is much too important to be discussed at the fag end of a light notice of a light book.

The consequences of French aggression are obvious enough at Salamanca, in its ruined walls and buildings. Yet two Frenchmen whom our author met there were sorry that more mischief had not been done:—

"Spain is a lovely country," said one—a magnificent country; but the inhabitants are savages—brutes—whom nothing will reclaim: if my advice were followed it would become a grand country—ah!" "What is the advice Monsieur offers?" I asked. "Sweep every Spaniard from the face of the land into the sea, and people it with Frenchmen," he answered, giving a twist to his moustache, and a grunt of contentment at the thought. "But would you sweep the Spanish ladies into the sea also?" said I, smiling. "Oh non Dieu! non. I would preserve them, except those of this horrid place," he replied, laughing scornfully. "What a place! what dirty narrow streets! no theatre—the public walk so dark that you knock your head against your friend with-

out seeing him—and then the churches are, after all, but churches; and then heaps of ruins. Ah! the French did that; and it is a pity they did not knock down still more—the beasts of people that these are."

The French troops were sad robbers every where, owing to Bonaparte's system of making each country invaded pay the expenses of the war. Not the churches and the rich houses only, but the poorest cottages were stripped of everything worth carrying away. One old woman, on the Portuguese side of the boundary, complained that they had taken all her household furniture, and that she was afraid to buy more, lest they should come again and take it as before.

Our author discusses at some length the wine trade of Oporto, and the vintages of South Portugal; but his observations have little general interest. Thirty thousand men, women, and children,—two-thirds of them Gallegos, who swarm at the season, just like Irish haymakers here—are employed in the vintage:—

"When once the vintage has commenced, time is invaluable. The vineyards are crowded with persons, some plucking the sound grapes and filling large hampers with them, others separated the rotten or dry bunches, while the Gallegos are employed in carrying the baskets down the steep sides of the hills on their backs. The presses are stone tanks raised high from the floor, about two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty feet square. A boy stands in the centre, and rakes the grapes as they are thrown in, so as to form an even surface. When full twenty to thirty men with bare feet and legs jump in, and to the sound of guitars, pipes, fiddles, drums, and of their own voices, continue dancing, or rather treading for forty to fifty hours, with six hours intervening between every eighteen, till the juice is completely expressed and the skins perfectly bruised, so as to extract every particle of colour. It is found necessary to leave in the stalks, in order to impart that astringent quality so much admired in Port wine, as well as to aid fermentation."

It seems odd that some less offensive mode of expressing the juice has not been long since adopted. But in many things the Peninsula remains as it did in Adam's time; and if that patriarch were to visit it, he would find little changed except the religion.

In one passage Mr. Kingston half promises a volume on the legends of Portugal. It would be an interesting subject, and might be rendered useful too, as extending the bounds of our knowledge of the affinities of races, and the intercommunication between ancient nations. We hope he will give us such a book, and we should be still better pleased if he would extend his researches to Spain, which is richer than Portugal in old traditionary lore. He would find abundance of it in every province, especially in Andalusia, Leon, Navarre, and Arragon. In his preface, too, he announces his intention of illustrating, in the same manner as in the present work, the southern provinces of Portugal. So be it. We are not yet deluged with books on any part of the country; nor are we likely to be so; for English travellers have no great liking for Portuguese inns, or for privation and fatigue anywhere.

The Dispatches and Letters of Vice-Admiral Lord Viscount Nelson. With Notes, by Sir Nicholas Harris Nicolas, G.C.M.G. Vol. IV.

[Second Notice.]

Is Clarke and M'Arthur's life of the great admiral, considerable use has been made of a narrative, giving a highly interesting account of the expedition to the Baltic, which those gentlemen state to have been written by "an officer, who was with Lord Nelson." The early part of this same narrative, from which the former biographers have not extracted, Sir Harris Nicolas has found in the 'Nelson Papers'—one of the

collection of this work have been printed clear and public abundance of character sentiment us. The into picture ments and senting to team, of and action leader by own for in the ear as it may of its ver meddling forward and which sent it is interest to in matter genius in "His lo working of success or was scanty Nelson we stays. U Master, o "Well, no mean you tation, "I won't do, cabin, and know who went in, I liked." The g mandated, appearan the rapid preparati British a For this with such leaving t could. T other del 15th of o not unti lected, o blew, an lost of p Point of 24th; a Sound. the road for a few Sir Hyd and the age.—H more th the Dan message governo relative the Sour ness of f were u a topaail in, at le Nelson's "The which w Fleet to similar. mid-char

collections placed at his disposal for the purposes of this work; and the graphic account is found to have been furnished by the Honourable Colonel Stewart, who had the command of the troops embarked for the expedition. Sir Harris has printed the narrative entire; and, besides the clear and authentic account given by it of the public transactions which are its subject, it abounds in anecdotes, which are so many touches of character, and artistic aids to the vivid presentation of the scenes through which it leads us. They put the sleepless activity of the hero into picturesque contrast with the cautious movements and phlegmatic bearing of his chief: presenting to the mind the idea of an ill-matched team, of which the shaft-horse, a thing of fire and action, does all the work,—driving on its lazy leader by the mere irresistible necessity of its own forward movement. There is an anecdote in the early part of the narrative, slight enough as it may seem, yet highly characteristic because of its very slightness, of that restless spirit of meddling which thrust Nelson pertinaciously forward on all occasions, great and small,—and which, while in an instance like the present it is sufficiently amusing, gives a breathless interest to the narrative of his sayings and doings in matters whose imminence had dilated his genius into its grander proportions:—

"His lordship was rather too apt to interfere in the working of the ship, and not always with the best success or judgment. The wind, when off Dungeness, was scanty, and the Ship was to be put about; Lord Nelson would give the orders, and caused her to miss stays. Upon this he said, rather peevishly, to the Master, or Officer of the watch, (I forget which,) 'Well, now, see what we have done. Well, Sir, what mean you to do now?' The Officer saying with hesitation, 'I don't exactly know, my Lord; I fear she won't do,' Lord Nelson turned sharply towards the cabin, and replied, 'Well, I am sure if you do not know what to do with her, no more do I either.' He went in, leaving the Officer to work the Ship as he liked."

The great object with Nelson, had he commanded, would have been to make a sudden appearance in the Danish seas; anticipating, by the rapidity of his proceedings, those formidable preparations for defence, against which the British armament had ultimately to contend. For this purpose, he would have sailed at once with such of his ships as happened to be ready, leaving the others to follow in succession as they could. The delay in Yarmouth Roads, like every other delay, chafed his spirit.—A gale, on the 15th of March, scattered the fleet; and it was not until the 19th that they were nearly re-collected, off the Scaw.—A north-west wind then blew, and an opportunity appeared to have been lost of proceeding through the Cattegat.—The Point of Elsinour was not reached until the 24th; and on the 25th the wind was fair for the Sound. On the 26th, however, the fleet took the road of the Great Belt; and after proceeding for a few leagues along the coast of Zealand, Sir Hyde Parker suddenly changed his mind, and the ships returned to their former anchorage.—Here, "as if," says Colonel Stewart, "a more than sufficient time had not been given for the Danes to prepare their defence, another message was sent, on the 27th of March, to the governor of Elsinour, to discover his intentions relative to opposing our fleet, if it were to pass the Sound." The answer showed the fruitlessness of further negotiation.—The 28th and 29th were unfortunately calm, but on the 30th it blew a topsail breeze from N.W., and the fleet stood in, at length, for the passage of the Sound,—Nelson's division leading the van.

"The semi-circular form of the land off Elsinour, which was thickly lined with batteries, caused our Fleet to pass in a form truly picturesque, and nearly similar. It had been our intention to have kept in mid-channel, the forbearance of the Swedes not hav-

ing been counted upon, the lighter Vessels were on the larboard side of our Line of Battle, and were to have engaged the Helsingburg shore: not a shot, however, was fired, nor any batteries apparent, and our Fleet inclined accordingly on that side, so as completely to avoid the Danish shot which fell in showers, but at least a cable's length from our Ships. The Danish batteries opened a fire, as we understood, of nearly 100 pieces of cannon and mortars, as soon as our leading Ship, the Monarch, came abreast of them; and they continued in one uninterrupted blaze during the passage of the Fleet, to the no small amusement of our crews; none of whom received injury, except from the bursting of one of our own guns. Some of our leading Ships at first returned a few rounds, but, perceiving the inutilty, desisted. The whole came to anchor about mid-day, between the Island of Huen and Copenhagen."

It was at once perceived that the delay had been of important advantage to the enemy, who had lined the northern edge of the shoals, near the Crown batteries, and the front of the harbour and arsenal, with a formidable flotilla. "The Trekroner battery, in particular, appeared to have been strengthened, and all the buoys of the Northern and of the King's Channels had been removed." By this time, however, the bold and enterprising spirit of Nelson had fairly prevailed over the more hesitating genius of his chief. At a council of war, held in the afternoon, the former offered his services to attack—requiring ten line-of-battle ships, and the whole of the smaller craft. The commander-in-chief not only left the whole matter in his hands, but gave two more line-of-battle ships than he demanded:—

"During this Council of War, the energy of Lord Nelson's character was remarked: certain difficulties had been started by some of the members, relative to each of the three Powers we should either have to engage, in succession or united, in those seas. The number of the Russians was, in particular, represented as formidable. Lord Nelson kept pacing the cabin, mortified at every thing which savoured either of alarm or irresolution. When the above remark was applied to the Swedes, he sharply observed, 'The more numerous the better;' and when to the Russians, he repeatedly said, 'So much the better, I wish they were twice as many, the easier the victory, depend on it.'"

That there would be no further dalliance when Nelson had to decide, was known to all the fleet; and accordingly, after having been engaged, night and day, in personally making the soundings by which his formidable enemy was to be approached, the hero gave the signal to weigh, at ten o'clock of the 1st of April (a signal which the ships of his division answered with a shout); and, in the Elephant, of 74,—to which his flag had been again shifted, for the sake of lightness—led his squadron (while the rest of the British fleet remained in the offing, idle spectators of the terrible scene), in among the shoals and intricacies of the harbour, and took up his position in front of the tremendous defences of Copenhagen.—We will draw on Colonel Stewart's narrative, as given in these pages, for many particulars of interest relating to the bearing of the great captain throughout these dreadful scenes:—

"On board the Elephant, the night of the 1st of April was an important one. As soon as the fleet was at anchor, the gallant Nelson sat down to table with a large party of his comrades in arms. He was in the highest spirits, and drank to a leading wind, and to the success of the ensuing day. Captains Foley, Hardy, Fremantle, Riou, Inman, his lordship's second in command, Admiral Graves, and a few others to whom he was particularly attached, were of this interesting party; from which every man separated with feelings of admiration for their great leader, and with anxious impatience to follow him to the approaching battle. The signal to prepare for action had been made early in the evening. All the captains retired to their respective ships, Riou excepted, who with Lord Nelson and Foley arranged

the order of battle, and those instructions that were to be issued to each ship on the succeeding day. These three officers retired between nine and ten to the after-cabin, and drew up those orders that have been generally published, and which ought to be referred to as the best proof of the arduous nature of the enterprise in which the fleet was about to be engaged. From the previous fatigue of this day, and of the two preceding, Lord Nelson was so much exhausted while dictating his instructions, that it was recommended to him by us all, and, indeed, insisted upon by his old servant, Allen, who assumed much command on these occasions, that he should go to his cot. It was placed on the floor, but from it he still continued to dictate. Captain Hardy returned about eleven, and reported the practicability of the Channel, and the depth of water up to the ships of the enemy's line. Had we abided by this report, in lieu of confiding in our masters and pilots, we should have acted better. The orders were completed about one o'clock, when half a dozen clerks in the foremost cabin proceeded to transcribe them. Lord Nelson's impatience again showed itself; for instead of sleeping undisturbedly, as he might have done, he was every half hour calling from his cot to these clerks to hasten their work, for that the wind was becoming fair: he was constantly receiving a report of this during the night. Their work being finished about six in the morning, his lordship, who was previously up and dressed, breakfasted, and about seven made the signal for all captains."

"With the returning light, the wind had been announced as becoming perfectly fair. The Pilots, who were, in general, Mates of Trading Vessels from the Ports of Scotland and North of England to the Baltic, and several of the Masters in the Navy, were ordered on board the Elephant between eight and nine o'clock. A most unpleasant degree of hesitation prevailed amongst them all, when they came to the point about the bearing of the east end of the Middle Ground, and about the exact line of deep water in the King's Channel. Not a moment was to be lost; the wind was fair, and the signal made for Action. Lord Nelson urged them to be steady, to be resolute, and to decide. At length Mr. Brierley, the Master of the Bellona, declared himself prepared to lead the Fleet; his example was quickly followed by the rest, they repaired on board of their respective Ships, and at half-past nine the signal was given to weigh in succession."

Unhappily, Nelson's plan for the extension of his line so as to reach the Crown Batteries, was defeated by the grounding of three of his ships of the line on the formidable shoals of the King's Channel. The action began at five minutes past ten:—in about half an hour afterwards, the first half of the fleet was engaged; and before half-past eleven the battle was general. A dreadful day was that for the devoted city—whose Crown Prince and all her inhabitants were lookers on,—and a dreadful day for all concerned. The Danish defences were deemed by themselves impregnable; and the carnage was fearful. The ships were engaged at nearly a cable's length; and Nelson could get no nearer, through the ignorance of those on whom he depended for a knowledge of the ground. "The same error which had led the two ships on the shoal, induced our master and pilots to dread shoaling their water on the larboard shore; they, therefore, when the lead was a quarter less five, refused to approach nearer, and insisted on the anchor being let go. We afterwards found that had we but approached the enemy's line, we should have deepened our water up to the very side, and closed with them. As it was, the Elephant engaged in little more than four fathoms."—"The lead," says Colonel Stewart, "was in many ships confided to the master alone; and the contest that arose on board the Elephant, which of the two officers who attended the heaving of it should stand in the larboard chains, was a noble competition, and greatly pleased the heart of Nelson, as he paced the quarter-deck. The action was inevitably prolonged by the distance at which it was fought

—and at one o'clock few of the enemy's heavy ships and praams had ceased to fire; while the British ships had suffered severely in their contest at once with currents, shoals, and the guns of the Danes. The moment was one of overwhelming responsibility, no doubt; and in this state of things it was that Sir Hyde Parker threw out his well known signal of recal.

In circumstances so fearfully critical, it is probable that, to a responsibility already so great, no other leader than Nelson would have added the tremendous responsibility of disobedience. Had he failed, in the face of that signal, and been unable to extricate his fleet, even the greatness of his former services must have been insufficient to save him from ruin:—as he persisted, and won—the signal itself was, though to a far less extent, the ruin of Sir Hyde. Yet there is some degree of hardship in judging the Admiral "by that event;" brought about in the teeth of probabilities, and which would scarcely have risen up in judgment against him at the conjuration of any other associate than this Hotspur of the Seas. The magnificent result of that day, as the issue of the unquestionable perils to which the British fleet was committed, amounted to little less than a "plucking up of drowned honour by the locks." Southey, "upon the highest and most unquestionable authority," states that Sir Hyde Parker made the signal, "from a disinterested and generous feeling"—fearing that, as the wind and current rendered his own division useless for support, Nelson might be left to a defeat. "The fire," he said, "was too hot for Nelson to oppose; a retreat, he thought, must be made. He was aware of the consequences to his own personal reputation; but it would be cowardly in him to leave Nelson to bear the whole shame of the failure, if shame it should be deemed." At the time when the famous signal appeared, Nelson was, says Colonel Stewart—

"Walking the starboard side of the quarter-deck; sometimes much animated, and at others heroically fine in his observations. A shot through the mainmast knocked a few splinters about us. He observed to me, with a smile, 'It is warm work, and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment'; and then stopping short at the gangway, he used an expression never to be erased from my memory, and said with emotion, 'but mark you, I would not be elsewhere for thousands.' When the signal, No. 39, [to discontinue,] was made, the Signal Lieutenant reported it to him. He continued his walk, and did not appear to take notice of it. The Lieutenant meeting his Lordship at the next turn asked, 'whether he should repeat it?' Lord Nelson answered, 'No, acknowledge it.' On the Officer returning to the poop, his Lordship called after him, 'Is No 16 [for close action] still hoisted?' The Lieutenant answering in the affirmative, Lord Nelson said, 'Mind you keep it so.' He now walked the deck considerably agitated, which was always known by his moving the stump of his right arm."

We have already reported some of the characteristic sayings wrung from the great captain by the contending feelings of that hour of crisis. The order was accordingly acknowledged, but not repeated, on board the Elephant. The signal of recal was, however, the means of saving the squadron of frigates under Captain Riou, from destruction. When the ships of the line which had been reckoned on for silencing the Crown battery, grounded, that gallant officer, who had been left with a squadron to perform such service as the exigencies of the day might require, proceeded down the line with his frigates, to supply the blank in the original plan. But his force was quite unequal to the object; and when the signal was displayed at the mast-head of the Admiral, the frigates took advantage of it to extricate themselves,

and hauled off. At this moment the brave Riou himself was killed by a raking shot:—

"He was sitting on a gun, was encouraging his men, and had been wounded in the head by a splinter. He had expressed himself grieved at being thus obliged to retreat, and nobly observed 'What will Nelson think of us?' His Clerk was killed by his side; and by another shot, several of the Marines, while hauling on the main-brace, shared the same fate. Riou then exclaimed, 'Come then, my boys, let us die altogether!' The words were scarcely uttered, when the fatal shot severed him in two. Thus, and in an instant, was the British service deprived of one of its greatest ornaments, and society of a character of singular worth, resembling the heroes of romance."

At two P.M. the greater part of the Danish line had ceased to fire: some of the lighter ships were adrift, and the carnage on board of the enemy, who reinforced their crews from the shore, was dreadful. The Dannebrog, the Danish Admiral's ship, was set on fire; and went drifting in flames before the wind, spreading terror throughout their own line, and calling into action the humanity of our seamen, whose boats rowed in every direction to save the hostile crew. Contrary to the established usages of war, however, the British boats sent to take possession of such ships of the enemy as had struck their flags, were fired on by the prizes; and it was under these circumstances that Nelson took another of those remarkable steps which have given so peculiar a character to the proceedings of this day, and have been so largely canvassed:—

"To the best of my recollection, (says Col. Stewart,) the facts were as follow. After the Dannebrog was adrift, and had ceased to fire, the Action was found to be over along the whole of the Line astern of us; but not so with the Ships ahead and with the Crown batteries. Whether from ignorance of the custom of war, or from confusion on board the Prizes, our Boats were, as before mentioned, repulsed from the Ships themselves, or fired at from Amak Island. Lord Nelson naturally lost temper at this, and observed, 'That he must either send on shore, and stop this irregular proceeding, or send in our Fire-ships and burn them.' He accordingly retired into the stern gallery, and wrote, with great dispatch, that well known Letter addressed to the Crown Prince, with the address, 'To the Brothers of Englishmen, the brave Danes, &c.:' and this Letter was conveyed on shore through the contending Fleets by Captain Sir Frederick Thesiger, who acted as his Lordship's Aid-de-camp: and found the Prince near the Sally-port, animating his people in a spirited manner."

The letter is, of course, given by Sir Harris Nicolas, and is as follows:—

"TO THE BROTHERS OF ENGLISHMEN, THE DANES.
"Lord Nelson has directions to spare Denmark, when no longer resisting; but if the firing is continued on the part of Denmark, Lord Nelson will be obliged to set on fire all the Floating-batteries he has taken, without having the power of saving the brave Danes who have defended them. Dated on board his Britannic Majesty's Ship Elephant, Copenhagen Roads, April 2nd, 1801."

"NELSON AND BRONTE, Vice-Admiral, under the Command of Admiral Sir Hyde Parker."

An interesting anecdote relating to this letter, is given by Clarke and M'Arthur—which, though it will be familiar to many of our readers, is worth repeating amidst this assemblage of particulars that throw so much illustration on the professional character of Nelson:—

"In order to show that no hurry had ensued upon the occasion, he sent for a candle to the cockpit, that he might affix a larger seal than usual. The letter being written and carefully folded, he sent for a stick of sealing-wax: the person dispatched for the wax had his head taken off by a cannon-ball; which fact being reported to the Admiral, he merely said, 'Send another messenger for the wax.' It was observed to him, that there were wafers on his table. 'Send for the sealing-wax,' he repeated. It was done, and the letter sealed with a large quantity of wax, and a perfect impression. 'May I take the liberty of ask-

ing, why, under so hot a fire, and after so lamentable an accident, you have attached so much importance to a circumstance apparently trifling?' 'Had I made use of a wafer,' he replied, 'the wafer would have been still wet when the letter was presented to the Crown Prince; he would have inferred that the letter was sent off in a hurry; and that we had some very pressing reasons for being in a hurry. The wax told no tales.'"

In this extreme anxiety on the part of Nelson to seem perfectly at his ease in the eyes of the Crown Prince, we cannot but think that an argument may be detected, or suspected, in support of those who have always contended that Nelson had other motives for sending a flag of truce ashore than those which he avowed. If they be right, however, it seems to us that in no particular of his life did Nelson ever show more skill and prudence, to temper the fire of his nature, than was displayed by him on this very occasion. The circumstance of a proposal for the suspension of hostilities coming from a victor is an occurrence so unusual,—and this sudden pulling up in full career is, in its first aspect, so little characteristic of Nelson in particular,—that men have naturally turned the incident over, to get at some hidden view. The victor himself alleged humanity as his motive: and Colonel Stewart urges that two solid reasons, not disavowed by the other, are apparent in justification of the measure:—viz., "the necessity of stopping the irregular fire from the ships which had surrendered,—and the singular opportunity that was thus given of sounding the feelings of an enemy who had reluctantly entered into the war, and who must feel the generosity of the first offer of amity coming from a conquering foe."—It is admitted, however, by Colonel Stewart that the firing had not ceased throughout the entire of the enemy's line. "The three ships ahead of us," he says, "were engaged, and from the superiority of the force opposed to them it was by no means improbable that Lord Nelson's observing eye pointed out to him the expediency of a prudent conduct." The Trekroner could neither be stormed nor silenced. The opinions of Nelson's officers were strong as to the policy of removing the British Fleet, whilst the wind yet held fair, from their present intricate channel; and the squadron was now engaged amongst those shoals and batteries at Nelson's sole risk, and in defiance of a higher command. If these were Nelson's influencing motives,—and it is difficult to believe they had nothing to do with the measure in question,—it was, at any rate, important to conceal them from the enemy; and this was done, as we have observed, with great tact. The Crown Prince seems to have been a little mystified, on the occasion; and his answer was a request to be informed more minutely as to the purport of the message. The following explanation was accordingly sent:—

"TO THE GOVERNMENT OF DENMARK.
"Elephant, 2nd April, 1801."

"Lord Nelson's object in sending on shore a Flag of Truce is humanity; he, therefore, consents that hostilities shall cease till Lord Nelson can take his prisoners out of the Prizes, and he consents to land all the wounded Danes, and to burn or remove his Prizes. Lord Nelson, with humble duty to His Royal Highness, begs leave to say, that he will ever esteem it the greatest victory he ever gained, if this Flag of Truce may be the happy forerunner of a lasting and happy union between my most gracious Sovereign and his Majesty the King of Denmark."

"NELSON AND BRONTE."

A suspension of hostilities followed: during which Nelson, without a moment's delay, and even while the Danish commissioner was yet engaged on board the admiral's ship in the office, set about extricating his ships from the shoals, with an eagerness that showed how near to the uppermost of his thoughts lay that object,

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The following passage, from Colonel Stewart's narrative, should, we think, leave little doubt on the matter. "The intricacies of the channel now showed the great utility of what had been done. The Monarch, as first ship, immediately hit on a shoal, but was pushed over it by the Ganges taking her amidstships. The Glatton went clear; but the Defiance and Elephant ran aground, leaving the Crown Battery at a mile distance;—and there they remained fixed, the former until ten o'clock that night, and the latter until eight,—notwithstanding every exertion which their fatigued crews could make to relieve them. Had there been no cessation of hostilities their situation would certainly have been perilous."

The immediate issue of this great enterprise was the entire destruction of the Danish fleet and defences to the southward of the Crown Islands; and its ultimate one an honourable peace with Denmark, and the breaking up at a blow of the confederation of the North. Successes so splendid, and leading to results so important, a country can scarcely pay—but should pay as far as she can. Nelson, however, was still only made a Viscount: but his virtual superdeeds of Sir Hyde Parker in the Baltic command was converted into a real one, as soon as the tidings of his great achievement reached the Admiralty. The blow struck, at Copenhagen, against the coalition of the northern powers was, however, speedily followed by the death of the Emperor Paul. There was little more to do, therefore, in this quarter of Europe; and Nelson returned to England, broken down by fatigue, in June of the same year.

The armistice concluded by Nelson, on this occasion, does not, however, seem to have given entire satisfaction at home. That it was subjected to unkind criticisms, he might have disregarded—on the consideration that such is, more or less, the fate of all treaties; but he was never able to obtain from the government Medals for the officers engaged in the Battle of the Baltic, nor from the City of London its thanks. Both these omissions rankled deeply in his mind: with his usual earnestness and impetuosity he took the singular step of addressing himself directly to the Lord Mayor, in demand of the latter; and, in the exaggeration of his feelings, he declared that he "would not give up" the former "to be made an English duke." It does not appear, on the face of this correspondence, for what reason either of these honours was withheld; but had our space permitted, we would have quoted Nelson's account of his interviews with the Crown Prince of Denmark, which led to the armistice,—for the purpose of presenting, in his own statement, the views by which he was influenced, and exhibiting him in the character of a diplomatist. But we must hurry on.

Scarcely had Nelson begun again to taste the benefits of repose, ere, in deference to the popular alarm at home, occasioned by Napoleon's preparations for a descent on the British shores, he was called upon to take the command of the armament in the Channel. Nothing but the presence of the hero could satisfy the apprehensions of the multitude. The rest of the correspondence in this volume relates principally to the duties of this command and the proceedings of his squadron; but "its nature and details," says Sir Harris Nicolas, "were new and disagreeable to him,"—and this part of the documents yields little that would be interesting to the general reader. The particulars of his unfortunate attempt to cut out the enemy's flotilla from the harbour of Boulogne are familiar to the reader; but on the other hand, "he had the happiness of knowing that, so long as the defence of the coast was in his hands, not even a single boat had been captured by the enemy." But

the Peace of Amiens relieved him from a service unworthy of his great name and place:—and the close of the volume leaves him reposing from his labours, and seeking to recruit his shattered health, on a small estate which he had recently purchased in the village of Merton.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Prisons and Prisoners, by J. Adhead, with Illustrations.—Whatever relates to prison discipline is socially of great importance, though it is only recently that much attention has been given to the subject. Even now the best arguments upon it are rather tentative than conclusive. The "Separate system" is that advocated in these pages; for their opposition to which, Mr. Adhead is not very measured in his censures of Mr. Dickens and the *Times* newspaper. Their objections he meets with information drawn from official sources confirmative of the beneficial operation of the separate system of discipline at the model prison, Pentonville. In treating of this subject, however, the reader must be put on his guard against confounding the "separate" with the "solitary system." The former only separates the offender from communication and association with his fellow offenders, and meanwhile carefully regards his bodily health, his intellectual improvement, and his moral amendment. On the other hand, however, the prisoner is not abandoned to an uninterrupted companionship with his own thoughts; but is daily visited by the officers of the gaol, the medical assistant, and the chaplain. The evidence brought in this volume to counteract the statements of Mr. Dickens, fails to show that separate confinement has, in Philadelphia, been an eminently penitentiary plan. Many prisoners, when discharged, appear soon to have returned, and been reincarcerated for fresh offences. One good, however, cannot be denied to it—that of preventing the communication of evil habits; and this consideration is, perhaps, sufficient to justify its continuance. We can readily conceive, nevertheless, that the separate confinement has a natural tendency, even under the best administration, to degenerate into the solitary. This is an abuse which should be diligently guarded against. Other collateral considerations press upon the mind; not the least of which is the length of confinement. If intended to be of a penitentiary and reforming character, the duration of it should clearly not be of that extent (whatever the crime committed) which contravenes the professed end and purpose. If separate confinement is to be adopted for specific ends, the law relative to its period must be brought into harmony with the penitential objects of the system. All must be sacrificed to the possible reformation of the prisoner. The conditions implied in our remarks being fulfilled (and they infer ramifications and details which we have now no means of treating, but which are not only important in themselves, but extensive and multifarious in character) the system of "separate" (as distinguished from "solitary") confinement may in the long run work beneficially. But so far as we have gone at present, the whole case has to be proved; it remains as yet but a theory, partly experimented, and that under circumstances unfavourable to a fair trial, and of which, therefore, no positive conclusion can be yet pronounced, though much good may be eventually expected.

Brallagham; or, the Deipnosophists, by Ed. Kenealy, Esq.—These are published as juvenilia, but they are those of a diligent though young student. They have, in great part, already appeared in 'Fraser's Magazine,' contributing to the wild fun and reckless quiz which was once the staple of that periodical, and in which it still occasionally indulges. Of such quips, jests and fancies, these before us are far from being the worst; though it were well the humour had been directed to some intelligible purpose.

The Spirit of the Vatican, by J. Turnley.—Here we have, first, a declamatory dissertation on the ambition of the Church of Rome; and next a series of dramatic scenes, arranged in five acts, but with no attempt at unity or continuity, dealing with the old story of Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond, Henry II. and Thomas à Becket. All this has been already better done; though the argument is still fertile of suggestions. The purpose of the present author, we

are told, was mainly to prove that the love of power is the essential passion of the Roman Hierarchy, and that the tendency of Romanism is to lower the standard of morals. There is a rough vigour in the handling of the topics—but Mr. Turnley requires much discipline before he can take rank as a poet; nor can we doubt that his cause would have been better served if his illustrations had been given in prose.

The Physiology of Dreams.—The assumption with which this tract starts is at least amusing: those who have dreams believe them to be revelations—those who have not, refer them to natural causes. We were not previously aware of the existence of such a rule, nor can we now admit it. We ourselves have had dreams, but not one that we have reckoned an oracle. As we proceeded, however, we were at a loss to know what the writer meant by his aforesaid rule—since, in p. 32, he is solicitous to deny miraculous interference, telling us, that "horses dream, cows dream, dogs dream," and that as these creatures perish at death, their dreams cannot be supernatural. The mystery, however, is in part cleared up at p. 55, where we learn that "dreams" are at once natural and supernatural. We do not indeed exactly understand the meaning of this "at once," but, no doubt, that is our fault. The author claims "to have trod in an unbent path, unfolding to the gaze views of a subject such as never before have been presented." He, certainly, is an original, in one sense; but there is little in his essay which has not appeared before, the greater portion being composed of extracts, and what is new being, as we have shown, somewhat unintelligible.

Poems, by a Father and a Daughter.—Obsolete both in subject and manner.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Abell's (Mrs.) *Napoleon in St. Helena*, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Alcock's Latin Dictionary, by Thomas Morell, new edit. improved by John Carey, 8vo. 12s. 6d.
 Ancient Domestic Architecture of England, by John Britton and Rev. Charles Houlston, M.A. small 8vo. in case, 5s. cl.
 Alphabetical Index to the Subjects and Names of the Old Testament, 22mo. 1s. cl. 1s. 6d. roan.
 Bacon's *Essays and Wisdom of the Ancients*, edited by Basil Montagu, Esq. new edit. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Ballantine's (James) *Treatise on Painted Glass*, royal 8vo. 10s. 6d. cl.
 Bartlett's (H.) *Household Verses*, 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Bess's (A. Theodore) *Latin Testament*, 16mo. 5s. 6d. roan lettered.
 Brown's *Sacred Architecture*, 63 plates, 1 vol. 4to. 2l. 2s. cl.
 Browne's (Sir Thomas) *Religio Medici*, &c. new edit. edited by H. Gaudiner, M.A. 8vo. 6s. 6d.
 Broune's *Summer at the Court of Lodges*, 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Bush's *Treatise on the Soul*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Bush on the Resurrection of Christ, 12mo. 1s. 6d. 8vo.
 Capodosto's (Lieut.-Col.) *Sixteen Years in the West Indies*, 2 vols. 8vo. 15s. cl.
 Cooper's (Sir Astley) *Lectures on Surgery*, 8vo. 7s. cl.
 Dowling's *History of Romanism*, 8vo. 10s. cl.
 European Library, Vol. I. Roscoe's 'Lorenzo de' Medici,' complete in 1 vol. crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Euripides *Iphigenia in Tauris*, 8mo. 5s. 6d.
 First Classical Maps with Chronological Tables of Grecian and Roman History, by James Tate, M.A. imp. 8vo. 6s. 6d. cl.
 Frederick's (Bishop of) *Sermons to his late Parishioners*, 2nd edit. 12mo. 7s. cl.
 Fisher's *Juvenile Scrap-Book for 1846*, 8vo. 6s. elegantly bd.
 Fisher's *Drawing-room Scrap-Book*, 1846, 4to. 1l. elegantly bd.
 Githa of the Forest, by the author of 'Lord Dacre,' &c. 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s. 6d. cl.
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FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Milan, October.

EVERY one, I apprehend, becomes less and less eager to generalize in proportion as his collection of facts increases; since the difficulty of grouping and classing them aright, and of making due allowance for "manners, modes, attire," only begins to be felt when experience has revealed how many contradictions exist in even the simplest subject. Therefore, leaving others to deduce or to warn, I will merely offer you a few scattered notices of the music which I have heard during "the flat season" in some Italian towns.

To speak, like Addison's Sir Trusty, "methodically," I should have said the *operas*—since upon no other music has it been my lot to fall. Perpetually in the churches, present at sundry *festas* and festivals, on which great pomp and expense have been lavished, I have indeed encountered much sound and not fury but frivolity; nothing, however, which the most catholic lover of Art could admit as meriting the name. Little thought pleasant Doctor Burney, when he was so complacently noting the delicacies of Italian organ-playing, and awarding its flagrant elegance the palm over the solemn science of North Germany, whither tended the graces he so largely admired. The corruption of taste seems now to have reached its lowest deep. Operatic trills and turns, compared with which the most operatic 'Kyrie' or 'Quoniam' of Haydn or Mozart is sedateness itself;—the Alberti bass on the heavy keys of the sweet-toned Italian organ appended to chords guiltless of harmony or grandeur of pedal amplification—are the uncouth noises one is compelled to endure beneath the Zuccato mosaics in St. Mark's at Venice, or before the golden lamps of the Fish-Priest, Saint Anthony of Padua. But greater follies, if such could be, were to be heard on St. Michael's eve in St. Mark's at Florence: the church belonging to Fra Beato's and Savonarola's Monastery. This is fast becoming a fashionable place of resort. The delicate frescoes of the seraphic painter on the walls of chapter-house and cell are now as enthusiastically hunted out by painters and *dilettanti* as the "Correggiosity of Correggio" in the days of Beau Tibbs. Nay, so high swells the tide of admiration, that the world runs too much chance of hearing for their sakes Raphael and Da Vinci denounced as sensualists and appropriators of other men's ideas, and every other work less professedly quietistic counted as unspiritual and second-rate. In St. Mark's, also, the strong and passionate Catholic reformer, forcibly pictured in fresco by Poccetti, arrests the pilgrim's eye as he paces the cloister. But (and let the restorers of antique rituals and devotional authority moralize on the fact) even in so favourite a shrine there is no insuring harmony in upsetting days like ours. Close beneath the menacing eye of Savonarola flares the orange and brickdust fresco executed by Signor Gazzarini a few years since, above the tomb of Signor Ulisse Tacchinardi, a singer of promise, and brother to Madame Persiani. Nor less discordantly fell on the ear the jerks, and *appoggiaturas*, and *staccatos* (for one finger of the right hand alone) of the organ, which represented Music's part in the *funzione* referred to. The child's *accordion* in the street, tortured to produce the largest amount of unexpected squeaks and whinnings, has as much solemnity and propriety.

I had the same fate at Genoa. In that superb city the churches are cherished objects to persons more potent than travelling artists and dreamy Anglo-Catholics. Richer they could hardly be. In many the profuse gilding which forms so gorgeous a frame-work to the kneeling congregations of white-veiled devotees, has been recently replaced: in some new ceilings have been painted as brilliant (it is saying much) as the modern cupola-work which finishes the overdone Medicean mausoleum at Florence. With all this lavish emblazonment, any reasonable one might have expected that the pious ear would have been cared for as well as the eye:—but the *polkas* and quick marches of the best military band I have heard since the Baden band at Salzburg,—coming up smartly, rank and file, close to the doors of the Annunziata, made all the Sunday music I could find. Everywhere the chanting has been detestable, perpetually below pitch, and as coarsely enunciated as the night thoughts of a parcel

of vocal sailors roistering through the streets of a sea-port town. The antique church tones, formless at best, and essentially (I must think) of very questionable sanctity, are rendered not only repulsive but absurd by such disrespectful execution. Remember, however, that my experience may be the exception, not the rule.

The amount of variety to which we have been treated in the theatres, is something greater. We have been nowhere within the sphere of what the Italians now rate as a good opera company: and, therefore, mainly thrown upon the "minors" for entertainment. At Venice I was told to expect much from 'Don Procopio,' a comic opera, by Signor Fioravanti the younger; written, apparently, to outdo, in its own vein, the 'Don Desiderio' of Prince Poniatowsky, or the more popular 'Don Pasquale' of Donizetti. But duller and noisier music it was never yet my lot to hear; nor a less finished and more vulgar representation to see. Not a trace is there of such animal spirits as the elder Fioravanti threw into his 'Amor, perche mi pizzichi?' or of such graceful combination as makes his charming trio 'Io diro' in 'I Cantatrici Villani' musically respectable: but in place of these, a perpetual thunder of trombone, cymbal, gong, and "long-drum;" as if a saucy damsel could not feign extravagance, to disgust an avaricious suitor, without "janissary music" (as the Germans call it) for accompaniment! The amount of freshness of idea which the work contained may be judged from the fact, that the *buffo* baritone song from Balfe's 'Siege of Rochelle,' which was introduced, sounded absolutely a marvel of novelty. Yet more vexatious than the noisy pomposity of the composition was the style of the performance. In former days, as Lord Mount Edgumbe's pleasant book will tell you, a marked distinction existed between the singers employed in *opera seria* and *opera buffa*. From the latter no great power of lungs was expected—but neat execution, good store of *smorfie*, and skill in that rapid articulation which is so important an element in Italian musical comedy. At the Teatro San Benedetto, these lively traditions seemed laid by as obsolete. Soprano, tenore, baritone, and bass bawled as lustily as if they had been singing through Verdi's 'Nebuchadnezzar,' or that opera of Spontini's in which the score was strengthened by anvils: while in one or two passages, where the singers had to throw out sixteen or twenty-four words in a bar, they absolutely resorted to the well-known artifice of English vocalists, when trying after Italian *patter*:—and, at once, and premeditatedly, began to slacken the tempo. I shall long remember 'Don Procopio,' as the solitary occasion in which I was put to sleep in an opera-house—and by incessant noise.

More amusing was an evening in the Theatre dei *Arriachiati*, at Florence, which was also, professedly, devoted to comic and semi-serious musical performances. These same "speculators" run merely the risk of a house a size less than the Olympic—where the stage is so small, that a sizeable *prima donna*, Signora Valtorta, startled the eye, on her appearance, as though she had been Queen Glumdalea; and a chorus of rustics with bottles of wine and rebecks and tabors, looked more like Titans at a frolic, than harmless Arcadians. The opera was 'Clotilde,' by Signor Coccia:—a *maestro* of whom we Londoners have lost sight, since the trial and non-success of his 'Maria Stuart.' With the noise of 'Don Procopio' deafening one's ears—the comparative moderation of his composition made it acceptable: though it was otherwise tame and imitative, based on a story sufficiently absurd—showing how a false bride was palmed upon a young nobleman, and, the real one, in peril of her life, was compelled to put on peasant's weeds, and thankful to accept the protection of a country magistrate, who resolved to marry her;—and how the real lady and the pretentious Duessa were confronted:—with many other passages no less probable and provocative. But the pleasure lay in finding an opera on such a *penny* scale (stalls ten pence extra!), such a neatness in the little band, where the wind instruments nearly outnumbered the stringed ones, such steadiness in a rather full *finale*. The *prima donna*, too, has a young, extensive voice and a fair notion of singing—while her amorous protector (Sig. Frizzi is his name) is unquestionably a clever *buffo* actor and vocalist; and though too broad, perhaps, in his wooing, not to be objected to by those who have

been contented to laugh at our Reeves and Bedford. An insipid performance of 'Don Pasquale,' which I saw at the Teatro Carlo Felice at Genoa, completes my list of comic operas. There, though the singers were pains-taking, the orchestra was slovenly and guiltless of accent: a fault arguing permanent want of discipline. The Genoese journals were loud in praise of La Santolini, the *prima donna* I did not hear, as a *Cenerentola* whose style was worthy of the good old days. But alas! who can believe in an Italian journal? The regular tariff at which its sweets are marketable, is better known to many of the singers here than the scale exercise!

I heard three serious operas during my circuit. At La Pergola (Florence)—which seemed to be getting through the *hard-bargain* nights, equivalent to what ours before Easter used to be—we saw the drollest possible presentment of Romeo and Juliet, in Bellini's 'Gli Montecchi,' by a pair of innocuous ladies, whose appearance and accomplishments reminded me of nothing so much as the two head pupils at Miss M'Shriek's seminary! The dear, busy Romeo trotting about the stage in a muslin kilt, with a bronze-coloured apron for armour, and poking about a sword as she might hold a netting-needle, while she sung 'La tremenda ultrice spada'—that *brava* which poor Malibran used to make sound so like grand music—was too absurd! The Juliet was more prudish and pretty behaved—as a Juliet should be—but not a shake or a step further beyond the excellence of Midsummer Exhibition Day. They were, however, expecting at Florence, La Nini Barbieri, who is now vaunted as having the finest voice in Italy. The same was said of Frezzolini some six years ago, but Echo is beginning to answer, "Where is it?" When I asked, "Can the Barbieri sing?" every one seemed to take it so entirely for granted that nobody said "Yes." Those, by the way, in search for a *prima donna*, might, perhaps, as well look out for La Parodi: if only because Madame Pasta appeared with her at her benefit, a few weeks since—no mean testament, unless it was a pure act of private good nature. The young Irish lady, Miss Hayes, whose success at Marsailles I believe genuine, on reliable musical authority, has been captured for two years by Signor Merelli, the great Milan manager. This long engagement is a pretty rare speculation for one who farms so many theatres: since what will not please at La Scala may be good enough for Como, or Varese, or Udine, or even Belluno, which have their little operas and their little *furore*; but the task-work it enjoins on the victim has ruined fifty good voices where it has made one great singer. I was glad to receive, not on newspaper authority, very satisfactory tidings of the progress of Miss Bassano, both as a singer and an actress. She seems to have, sensibly, confined herself to the smaller theatres: the result of which, my informant said, is, that her voice has ripened, without being strained, while he described her acting as lively and intelligent. Mr. Travers, too, was making a creditable "stand" at Lugano. I may add, having gone so far in matters of hearsay, that the tenor most in request appears to be Signor Unanue. I have heard neither bass nor baritone talked about—those I have myself listened to are not above mediocrity. They shout one and all, and the audiences roar applause.

So far as regards public favour, the ball is at Signor Verdi's foot. How must Rossini laugh sardonically at seeing Bellini and Donizetti rapidly taking their places on the shelf, when he himself is beginning to be removed as a *classic*, for the sake of this noisy new comer! There is no stirring a step, without hearing scraps of 'Nabucco,' or 'Ernani,' or 'I due Foscari,' or 'I Lombardi.' 'Alzina,' produced a fortnight since at Naples, is his new opera: since 'Il Finto Stanislao' turns out to be a work written when the *maestro* was obscure, which, perhaps, after Rossini's thrifty fashion, has been patched and strengthened, and is, at all events, new christened. I heard 'I Lombardi' at a serious minor theatre ("Dei Solleciti") in Florence, where the disproportion of the house to the performance essayed was yet more absurdly paraded than at the Teatro dei *Arriachiati*, owing to the circumstance that 'I Lombardi' demands a military band on the stage. The din was ear-splitting, and the screams of the *dramatis personæ* in that confined space surgical. The grand opera of

the French Southern a Bu
—Signor V taxer of his the charact amounting in his slow for instrum melody, starts and introduced the device, frequent p all piquanc that the p of the bar, in the mer Signor Ver smallest d ground on *cantati di* military b non giung and, I fear his brains he can exte palace and bespeaks a from 'I Lo faule, and reminded kind friend point out himself, th careful the aim, which effected? I presently perpetual is the main formal pic secret of r longer tha against pr
I have l at La Sc *maestro*, S vorite on Buzzi, wa those who Palmist gold lam I'll might since, thou style of hi some after in it. Bu night was which had begun its commene indifferen though su since eve theatre to singularly of the yo who seem more offe It was a y their unne to fill the have any part: wi surdity, r to be co more str the Milar No matt hined, in ere the could get been tol may be s lovers of had I no 'Saul,' I

the French must no longer be grumbled at by the Southerners as an arena where fine voices are butchered to make a Paris holiday!

—Signor Verdi being the most desperate tearer and taxer of his singers who has yet appeared. I think the characteristics of his music are easily mastered; amounting to a certain largeness of outline and *brío* in his slow concerted music,—a picturesque feeling for instrumentation, and a curious absence of fresh melody. Almost all his *cabaletti* proceed by the starts and stops and syncopations, which Pacini introduced so happily, and were threadbare: since the device,—however effective it sounded in ‘*I tuoi frequenti palpiti*,’ and ‘*Lungi dal caro ben*,’—loses all piquancy, when it becomes an understood thing, that the phrase must begin on the second note of the bar, and the accents fall cross-wise. Then, in the mere filling up of *appoggiatura* and passage, Signor Verdi does not appear to have made the smallest discovery. Though his contrivances are ground on all barrel-organs, sung by all wandering *cantanti di piazza*, and played by every conceivable military band, his tune such as ‘*Di tanti*,’ or ‘*Ah, non giunge*,’ or ‘*Or che in cielo*’ has yet to come: and, I fear, is far off. Why need he, indeed, puzzle his brains for it when he has more commissions than he can execute,—and his works are alike heard in palace and in pill-box theatres? Yet, as his writing bespeaks a certain ambition—(I might instance from ‘*I Lombardi*’ the slow movement in the first *fante*, and a *basso duo*, the instrumentation of which reminded me of Cherubini’s opera music), has he no kind friend to tell him to distrust this facility?—to point out Meyerbeer as a genius in like case with himself, that is, originally unmelodious; but whom careful thought and study have enabled to produce an air, which, if not the world’s music, are still choicely effective in the situations for which they are destined? It seems to me that unless Signor Verdi presently exhibits a few more varieties than the perpetual strain after an exaggerated climax, which is the main idea of all his concerted music, and the formal piquancy of trill and *staccato*, which is the secret of many of his airs,—his reign will hardly last longer than . . . but I have bound myself over against prophecy.

I have lastly to mention the first representation, at La Scala, of ‘*Saul*,’ a new opera, by a new *maestro*, Signor Cenneti. The subject seems a favourite one:—another work on the story by *Maestro Buzzi*, was to open the season at Trieste—and for those who have no objection to see the King and the Palmist of Israel fretting behind the foot-lights in gold lama and geranium cachemire,—it is effective. If I might judge, too, the young *maestro* has worked: since, though his *motivi* be “older than age,” and the style of his opera comic rather than grave, there is some attempt at neatness and variety of construction in it. But judgment was not easy. This same first night was a disgusting exhibition. A party in the house which had resolved that the opera should not succeed, began its disapprobations before the overture had commenced, and continued every manifestation of indifference and contempt, during its progress. This, though sufficiently wounding, might have been borne, since every one knows that the Italians go to the theatre to talk, and are, therefore, as an audience, singularly difficult to fix. But the brutality of some of the young men to the unfortunate *prima donna*, who seemed the object of a separate antipathy, was more offensive than anything I have ever witnessed. It was a young girl whom they selected as the victim of their unmanly diversion. She was assuredly inefficient to fill the place of the *Pastas* and *Malibran*s who have sung at La Scala, but thoroughly perfect in her part: with a clear easy voice, and neither fault, absurdity, nor immodesty as a *cantatrice* or an actress to be complained of. What rendered the outrage more strange among such undisguised sensualists as the Milanese opera-goers, her appearance was pleasing. No matter: she had to abide being bayed at, mocked, hissed, ironically cheered for a good half hour,—ere the better-natured souls among the audience could get a hearing and put the nuisance down. I had been told much of the treatment to which a woman may be subjected among these devoted *cavallieri*, and lovers of what has been fancied a humanizing art: had I not, however, heard the *soprano*’s first scene in ‘*Saul*,’ I could not have conceived that men could

be so debased! But I have left myself no room for indignation, wherefore, as Hood’s Mrs. Tuppin says, “waiving all animosities to a more agreeable season,” I will conclude here.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In transmitting to us the second number of the ‘*Morningside Mirror*,’ Dr. Mackinnon has replied to a suggestion which we thought it right to offer on the subject, last week, by the assurance that the articles in that paper are *bona fide* the production of the patients in the Edinburgh Lunatic Asylum. “No sane hand,” he says, “has a share in it; for the very correction of the press is performed by the patients.” Dr. Mackinnon has, at the same time, the candour to inform us that he cannot claim the credit of having been the first to establish a newspaper within the precincts of an asylum. “To my friend, Dr. Brown,” he says, “of the Crichton Institution, Dumfries—well known for his many other successful endeavours to ameliorate the condition of the insane, and advance the rational treatment of insanity—this merit is due.” “The ‘*Mirror*’ is, however,” adds the Doctor, “the first periodical which, so far as I am aware, has been printed in an asylum.” On this point it is probable that some proceedings which took place at the monthly meeting of the Middlesex magistrates last week, may have already put Dr. Mackinnon right. From the Report made, on that occasion, by the visiting justices of the Hanwell Asylum, it appeared that, “with the view of affording amusing, and, as it had turned out, mutually beneficial employment to some of the unfortunate inmates, these magistrates had recently introduced some printing materials, consisting of a press and type.” The ground of the experiment in this particular case is, however, by no means of that speculative or empirical character, which rendered us doubtful of any great curative results to be obtained from it as a general application. “This step,” the Report continues, “had been adopted in consequence of several of the patients having been printers”—and here we have that direct appeal to ancient recollections,—that practical reference to the old familiar habits of the mind’s sane time,—to which we alluded as the probable and rational principle of cure in some other successful forms of moral action upon the diseased intellect. It seems to us that there is an analogy between such forms of mental prescription and that which, in the cases of physical decay, sends back the failing constitution, for healing, to the native air amid which the powers, now sick and enfeebled, had originally grown and strengthened. The wandering and estranged intellect is, as it were, directed by easy stages home, for the watching of the old familiar faces and the nursing of the remembered hands. Accordingly, the Report in question states that “the proceeding has been most useful in its efforts, as far as it has gone, having given a very pleasing employment to the unfortunate inmates, and at the same time shown to the committee that this employment may be turned to a profitable account.” The patients have, it seems, “been able to compose many documents which are necessary for the Asylum itself,”—while the sort of literary appeal to their dormant faculties has resulted likewise in the more spiritual answer of a variety of poetical effusions, that have been printed by the “*Hanwell Press*,” and are described by their magisterial critics as being “of a superior character.” It was stated at this meeting that, in France and America, as well as in Scotland, not only had printing been introduced into lunatic asylums, but newspapers were printed there for and by the patients: so that the value of this sort of intellectual appeal as a moral medicine, is in process of testing by a large body of observations,—to aid the conclusions sought by the philanthropists of Morningside.

While writing of the labours of the philanthropists, we may mention that Mr. Richardson—already known as having undertaken an anti-slavery mission to Morocco—has, on a similar errand, penetrated the Great Desert as far as Ghadames, the grand commercial depot of Northern and Central Africa. His immediate object is the collection of statistics relating to the traffic in slaves; and he has reached the present point of his inquiries through much toil and many dangers.

The statue of Sir Thomas Gresham was, last week, installed in the niche which has so long stood vacant

for it in the clock-tower of the New Royal Exchange. The figure is erect, fourteen feet six inches in height; and is chiselled out of two blocks of Portland stone, weighing jointly between eleven and twelve tons. The marble statue of the Queen, for the same building, will in a few days be placed on its pedestal, in the centre of the Merchants’ Quadrangle. Thorwaldsen’s statue of Byron, after being, like its original, so long homeless, and, like him, the “rejected of Westminster,” has arrived at Cambridge; and taken up, it may be presumed, its final abode amid the scenes of his earlier, and some of his happiest, days. After all, were it not for the sake of the metropolis itself, perhaps no more appropriate site could be suggested for this fine work. As the poet has no place in the Parliamentary lists of England’s great men, though they come down to his day, we are glad to see his image restored to the keeping of that college, one of whose most illustrious sons he is.

Her Majesty has fixed Thursday, the 30th instant, for opening by her presence the fine new hall erected by the Society of Lincoln’s Inn.

The Marquis of Breadalbane has commemorated his former Lord Rectorship of the University of Glasgow by the foundation of two scholarships, of the annual value of 50*l.* each—to be enjoyed by the holder during three years—for the encouragement and promotion of scientific study. One of these scholarships is to be bestowed on the highest proficient in mathematical and physical science; the other on the candidate most distinguishing himself in the study of mathematical philosophy, chemistry, and those branches of natural philosophy which are connected with the arts and manufactures. By the way, there is a project on foot for removing this university from the spot which its ancient buildings have so long occupied, in one of the worst districts of the city—one of the companies having offered largely for the ground, as the site of a great railway station. The proposal made to the college is stated to be, that the company will erect and complete suitable buildings for its use, at an expense variously estimated at from 70,000*l.* to 100,000*l.*; and it has already, with this object, purchased Woodlands,—an estate of twenty-two acres, situated on the crown of a height, which slopes down to the beautiful banks of the Kelvin,—at a cost of 29,000*l.*

A new site for the Law Courts, which it is desired, as our readers know, to remove from the vicinage of the other architectural projects in process of accomplishment at Westminster, has been proposed, by Mr. Barry, to the Parliamentary Committee appointed for the consideration of the subject. Mr. Barry’s plan, besides removing one of the worst nests of moral and physical offence in the metropolis, would unquestionably present a grand architectural feature. He proposes to pull down the streets and alleys between Carey-street and the Strand, to the north of St. Clement’s Church—obtaining an area of eight acres for his new buildings: these to front the Strand and Fleet-street, and the streets to be widened, so as to give an easy access to the building. Mr. Barry’s design does not contemplate the removal of Temple Bar; but purposes to leave it standing in a somewhat unintelligible attitude and relation, as a memento of that past with which the rest of his plan is making such disturbance. A further advantage obtained by the selection of this site, would be the rescue of Lincoln’s Inn-Fields from the bricklayer—a new ventilator opened in the metropolis, instead of an ancient one closed up. Mr. Lambert Jones informed the committee, that the city had a plan for a new artery from east to west; which, it will be seen, would harmonize with, and enhance, this improvement. “It is proposed,” he says, “to commence from the corner of Cheapside, and to take down the whole block of buildings on the north side of St. Paul’s; and thence going across the Old Bailey, through the site of the Fleet Prison, crossing Farringdon-street, up to Little New-street, and thence up to Fetter-lane, which joins the Rolls estate—taking another diagonal line into the wide part of Holborn.”

The *Liverpool Mercury* states that Mr. Pugin has, by authority, submitted plans for a Catholic Cathedral, upon a grand scale, to be erected in that town. Its length is to be 460 feet,—with two lofty towers and a steeple of great height. It will stand upon two and a half acres of land, and cost upwards of 100,000*l.*

The cathedral authorities of Ely have committed

the unfortunate Mr. Basevi, with such honours as they could, to a grave in the cathedral in whose service he lost his life. The funeral ceremony was performed by the Bishop in person; and among the many mourners who joined in the sad ceremony we noticed the Dean of Ely, the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, Professor Willis, Mr. Cockerell, and Dr. Haviland.

The Twelfth Anniversary of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, was held at Monmouth on two days of last week. A procession of harpers and singers was arranged; and a large wagon containing a printing-press was in the cavalcade,—in which cards of the festival were printed and distributed to the crowd, as it moved along. At the dinner which followed, there was a distribution of prizes for lyric odes, Welch songs, essays, harpists, singers and Welch flannel.

We have before us the prospectus of a company, formed for the purpose of carrying out, as a private speculation, some of the more important objects recommended in the reports of the Commissioners on the Health of Towns—proposing, as a safe and profitable pecuniary investment, the physical amelioration of crowded populations, with its moral consequences—under the title of “The Water Supply, Drainage, and Towns’ Improvement Company.” A curious characteristic of the times is presented by this combination of humane purpose with commercial speculation—and a striking assertion of the necessity of that association—principle, of which we have so often spoken, to the attainment of the objects of both. Submitting the gain to the health, comfort, and morality of the people, as cogent motives for the formation of the company, its projectors, nevertheless, candidly avow that it is founded “strictly on the basis of profitable returns”—“as it is only on that basis,” they say, “that those advantages may be expected to be rapidly, economically, and completely realized to the whole of the community, or that the capital can be justly expected to be raised, and science applied to the works in question.” The official reports, they argue, show that the evils to be remedied have arisen generally from want of science in the plans, deficient practical skill, insufficient capital, the separation of works which ought to be combined in one system, the absence of adequate motives to due economy in their execution and maintenance, and local party spirit;—and for all these, they propose a powerful company, with ample capital and a permanent staff of engineers of extensive and varied practice, as the practical cure. The objects which they profess are—“to provide towns with water on improved principles of supply—to effect their drainage and cleansing completely and systematically—to apply their refuse to agricultural purposes; and to carry out any similar or collateral works that require the union of science and capital for the sanitary improvement of towns, either in the British empire or in foreign countries, where security can be given for the capital invested.” With the financial probabilities of the scheme, we have nothing to do; but may mention that it undertakes, on a remunerating principle, to supply the tenements of the poor, as well as all other houses, with a constant supply of filtered water, at high pressure, for less than one-third of the rate now charged by the Metropolitan Water Companies for intermittent supplies of unfiltered water—delivering forty gallons per day to the highest attic, at a rate of one penny per week. There can, at any rate, be no doubt of the importance of such objects, supposing them attainable: and so much as this we may add—that public objects so extensive are rarely achieved with effect by the disjointed efforts of individuals or individual communities—that their success would be most probable where undertaken on a great and enlarged scale—and that human experience assures us that undertakings of this kind will be perseveringly followed out only on the principle of reciprocity, or mutual benefit. We have no objection, therefore, to joint-stock companies (sound in principle and respectably constituted) for the improvement of mankind; and shall be glad if the one before us is able to carry out its views. All depends upon the truth of the calculations; because if it cannot pay its projectors, we are satisfied it will not benefit their clients—if the shareholders cannot gain by it, neither will the public.

Diorama, Regent's Park.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevreul & Bonhoux. Open from 10 till 5. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—LECTURES on the MUSIC of SPAIN, by DON JOSE DE CIEBRA, with Guitar and Vocal Illustrations, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at Half-past Two o'clock. Dr. RYAN'S LECTURE on the PROCESS for MAKING ICE by ARTIFICIAL MEANS, illustrated by Masters' Patent Apparatus, daily, at Half-past Three o'clock. Also Mons. BOUTIGNY'S experiment of MAKING ICE in a RED-HOT CRUCIBLE. Professor BACHHOFFNER'S varied LECTURES, with experiments, in one of which he clearly explains the principle of the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, a model of which is at work daily. COLEMAN'S NEW AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, for ascending and descending inclined planes. A magnificent Collection of Models of Tropical Fruit. A new and very beautiful series of Dissolving Views. New Optical Instruments, &c. Experiments with the Diver and Diving Bell, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

MEETING IN THE ENSUING WEEK.
TUES. Zoological Society, half-past 8.—Scientific Business.

FINE ARTS

Moore's Irish Melodies, illustrated by D. Maclise, R.A. Longman & Co.

AMONG the crowd of English illustrated works, which the demand of these luxurious times has called forth, this splendid volume is unique in style, and in the attempt manifest to bring about a harmony between the text and its illustrations, in the manner of execution. The “Melodies” are engraved on the plates, so as, in some measure, to “compose” with the arabesque and designs so liberally introduced. This may have been suggested by the well-known border-designs of Schroeder and Neurether, to German poems: but be it so, or otherwise, it is well and gracefully accomplished.

We are less satisfied with Mr. Maclise, as the illustrator of Moore's Melodies. There is no gain-saying the fact, that the artist, brilliant in design as he is, bold in attitude, and profuse in fantasy—has a dash of extravagance in his genius. His works want proportion between the main idea and its garniture—betwixt accidents and essentials. His power of hand leads him to riot in details and accessories, till that which should strike the eye by its simple unity, becomes too often as richly confused as in arabesque, and more fatiguing; since, in the arabesque, no one searches for a meaning. Now the lyrics of Moore, though always elaborately polished, often garlanded with similes and allusions, and sometimes instinct (if a *concelto* may be allowed in speaking of *concelti*), with an aromatic “pain,” more subtle than pathos,—are for all this exuberance and decoration, rarely extravagant. The singer's gaiety never becomes uncouth—his conviviality seldom riotous—nor does his sentimental muse tear her hair and bare her breast to the thunder-storm; but wears her willow gracefully—and sighs, so as to tempt, not to frighten, Echo. The fire burns with a steady blaze—the music rarely ventures within that range of discords, by occasional resort to which, sweetness is so exquisitely enhanced. All is balanced, and sparkling and harmonious. For such a poet, the painter of “Macbeth,” and the “Sleeping Beauty” is somewhat too rampant a companion. It is one thing to catch the spirit of Mokanna's last hideous banquet—it is another to trifle with “Fanny dearest,” or to paint, as the lyricist has sung—

That bright little isle of our own,
In some lone summer ocean far off and unknown,
Where the sun loves to pause
With so fond a delay
That the night only draws
A thin veil o'er the day.*

And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm to make the gold strings.

They now stand,

And her hair, as let loose o'er her white arm it fell,
Was changed to bright chords utt'ring melody's spell.

Thus the Lesbia of Mr. Maclise, despite her fan of feathers and her *pelerine* as modishly ornate as if Mr. Chalon's “*Tour à gauche*” were to be written

* We are sorry to have to note in this edition, some changes in the text, meant of course to be improvements,—but, in our judgment, making that which was poetical, prosaic; e.g. the two lines from “The Origin of the Harp.”

underneath, is too masculine a gentleman for the verses in which her “beaming eye” is commemorated. Then Nora Creina, with her very ambiguous drapery, and her hair in a passionate flutter, and her step *en avant*, is not the “simple, graceful” girl, with whom *Repose* abode, as the poet sings. We could illustrate our character from many other pages of this sumptuous book. But when the artist escapes from the Spirit who misleads him, nothing can be more charming than his inspirations. His first vignette to

When thro' life unblest we rove,
is worth a score of Minstrel Boys tearing their harps to pieces, or of wind-blown mariners tempting clinging maidens to

Come o'er the sea—
while some of his caprices of fancy, such as the pair of elves cradled in flower-bells, who look lovingly on each other, over

Thce, thee, only thee,
have that proportion of easy line and graceful expression, which amounts to excellence. Among the more ambitious illustrations, our favourite is poor Kathleen admiring the sleeping St. Kevin; St. Senanus, too, watching the retreating lady, whom he had scolded away at night-fall (to repent afterwards, as the poet hints) makes a very picturesque, though not a very polite, figure. But is not Mr. Maclise sometimes in this book less correct in his draughtsmanship than his father's son is usually? *vide* the huge right hand of the woman-bater, in the vignette referred to; and the long dreamer in the vale of Avoca, who, were he to rise from his recumbent posture, would be as tall as one of Cosimo Rosselli's procession damsels, or an eight-foot saint by Master Stephens of Cologne.

Enough of qualification: no pleasant task to the critic in a case where so much time and expense and labour have been lavished, as in the present instance. It will be some comfort to all concerned that, however necessary may be the above distinctions as a matter of conscience, they will do little to restrict the circulation of this volume. Mr. Maclise has an enthusiastic congregation of believers, who for the sake of his brilliant qualities, accept all his defects: while as to the “Melodies” themselves, from “Ottawa's tide” to the Junna, they have been too long learned by heart as household words, not to make this rich attempt to honour Music and Poetry by aid of a kindred art, acceptable.

Evenings at Haddon Hall. Edited by the Baroness de Calabrella. With Illustrations by G. Cattermole. Colburn.

THIS, we presume, may be looked upon as the first of the Gift Books for the season; and warns us, though certainly in good time, that we are approaching to that period of the year when our pictures must be sought for within doors. A series of designs by Mr. Cattermole, beautiful themselves, and exquisitely engraved, form the scattered plums of this Christmas pudding; and the letter-press contains the more abundant and common-place ingredients with which the Baroness de Calabrella has endeavoured to compound them into a harmonious whole. What Haddon Hall has naturally to do with these pictorial embellishments, further than that there is a view of that ancient English house in the frontispiece, does certainly not appear; nor is the mystery anywhere made plain: of the thought which gives that name for a title to a sketch of the Mexican Conquistadors, or a tale of the French Revolution of 1789. It is, however, the property of that fare which is more especially characteristic of Christmas, and to which we have alluded above, that it is an assemblage of contradictions—a successful combination of gastronomic incongruities; and these Christmas books, it may be presumed, imitate the principle, as appropriate to their season, with as near an approach to the same success as they can severally attain. The harmonizing medium adopted in the present instance is one which has been used so many times since the days of Boccaccio, that it might be supposed by anticipation to be worn out,—and looks so on the present occasion. The theme of these repeated devices is one and the same—the variations scarcely sufficient for relief. In the present case, a party of guests, assembled in Haddon Hall, hit upon the far from original expedient of telling stories to each other, for the purpose

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of killing time; the novelty in this case being that a portfolio of Mr. Cattermole's drawings is supposed to suggest the scheme, instead of Boccaccio,—and that, as nobody can find out "what these beautiful pictures mean" (certainly not very flattering to Mr. Cattermole's graphic skill), it is agreed that the company shall manufacture meanings for them. "It would be easier, I suspect," says a lady, in despair, "to invent an illustration of these beautiful designs, than obtain an illustration from the artist himself, an intelligible account of the incidents of which they are illustrations."—"Oh, do invent some stories!" accordingly cries the Lady Eva, "how delightful it will be! * * Who will invent some stories?" The "most gifted members" of the party readily answer to this appeal; and in the pages before us we have specimens of their gifts. Over these literary reveals the Baroness de Calabrella editorially presides—in a spirit and style, of both which the following extract may furnish our readers with an example. What plan for the restoration of the dark ages, with their amenities, the lady alludes to in its concluding portion, we are unable to inform our readers:—

"It is within the precincts of this princely abode of the Vernons and the Manners's that those simple reveals are to take place in which we would fain interest the imaginations of our readers, with a view to their due appreciation of those exquisite specimens of high art which it is our pleasant office to be the means of introducing to the world, and which owe their inspiration to the stately times to which those stately relics belong—times when, deprecate them as we may, by our meaningless epithets of 'rude,' 'barbarous,' 'uncivilized,' and the like, gave rise to nobler achievements of human intellect, brighter phases of human character, more beautiful examples of human virtue, and more signal evidences of the heights to which our common nature is capable of attaining, than are even 'dreamt of in the philosophy,' much less realized in the practice, of our own ultra-civilized day—times, too, to which the highest art and the purest literature of our own day are frequently compelled to resort, in search of those types of excellence, those traits of heroism, and those symbols of intellectual and moral beauty, for which the enamoured seekers look in vain in that more 'cultivated' era to which they appeal. But let us not, in our desire to be just to the illustrious Dead, do all us do this on the threshold of that spot which, it may be, is destined to be hallowed by the revival of those very institutions to which the 'good old times' owed all their goodness, and 'merry England' all her extinct merriment. If the social life of England is destined to see the present 'winter of her discontent' melt into the genial spring-time of hopeful promise, and happy performance, by a recurrence to those antique usages, the birth of which was coeval with the antique halls to which we are conducting our readers, it will be (under Heaven) through the instrumentality of what the wise world is at present pleased to consider as the 'dreams' of a scion of that noble house to which those halls belong. If we err not greatly, the name of MANNERS will, at no distant period be associated with that noblest and happiest of all revolutions, a recurrence to those wise simplicities of social life which mark the youth of all nations, and which too seldom survive it."

So much for the tastes and moralities of the Editress. Seriously, the lady has had great faith in Mr. Cattermole; for she has done nothing whatever to strengthen the attraction of his illustrations. They constitute, it is true, a charming volume of themselves,—and the book is otherwise very richly and handsomely produced;—but the literature is below even the ordinary level of this class of collections. It would seem, however, the work's pretension to be rather aristocratic than literary. We are assured, in its announcements, that the *dramatis personæ* who figure in the frame-work of the tales, and are supposed to supply them, belong to the *first circles of society*—that is, that they inhabit the fashionable quarter of Parnassus—the May Fair of the Muses. We will not do the class in question the injustice to suppose that they are able to furnish nothing better than this; but if it were so, we would advise the publisher who desires to give a literary feature to his books to seek it in almost any other.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY, EXETER HALL.
On FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 7, will be performed Handel's Oratorio 'ISRAEL IN EGYPT.'—Attendance will be given at Exeter Hall on TUESDAY EVENINGS, 28th Oct. and 4th Nov. from Eight till Ten o'clock, to renew subscriptions due at Michaelmas, and to receive applications from parties desirous of becoming Subscribers, a favourable opportunity presenting itself for their admission, now that the Society is entering upon a new season. The subscription is 12. 1s. or for Reserved Seats (in the Area or Gallery), 2l. 2s. per annum, and during the past year the Subscription Concerts amounted to eleven.

THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

DRURY LANE.—Not only the musicians, but the musical critics also, may fairly ask how it is that, when unperformed operas by Mr. Barnett, Mr. E. Loder, Mr. Macfarren, Mr. Rooke, the late Mr. Wade, and Mr. Lavenu, are known to exist, the management of Drury Lane should have selected Mr. Forbes's 'Faery Oak' for performance. It has been again and again averred that the stumbling-block in the way of producing any new English musical drama, was the feebleness or the improbability of the libretto. That excuse can no longer be accepted; since nothing more meagre or absurd than the story of 'The Faery Oak' has been represented in our recollection. It was a Mezentian trick to force the 'She' and the 'He' of such a tissue of nonsense upon clever actors like Miss Rainforth and Mr. Allen:—each of whom is accustomed to study character, as well as the mere notes of the part. The tale centres in a Tree, haunted by fairies, who have got possession of the daughter of a wicked Duke Rudolphe (Mr. Borrani). He reclaims her after a term of years, but not before she has contrived to fall in love with a young hunter, Albert—who is no hunter in reality, but a nobleman, wronged by the wicked Duke aforesaid, and subsequently helped to his rights, by the moppings and mowings of somebody's elfin page Kuno (Mr. Wieland) and by the grave exertions of Haco (Mr. Burdini), a recluse. The latter, again, is no recluse, in real earnest, but a banished servant of the guilty Duke. There is also a Count Alphonso (Mr. S. Jones), patronized by Lanthé's respectable parents as a candidate for her hand; and Frits (Mr. Harley), a pompous buffoon, whose office in the drama is to be shut into a long box; which personages say and sing words as moving as their adventures are probable. The text, in short, reminded us of nothing so much as a spoiled pantomime introduction: and beguiled us into perpetually expecting the scream of the emancipated Clown, the slap of Harlequin's wand, and the rueful tumblings of old Papa Pantaloon. So penetrated are we with the deficiencies of the drama that Mr. Forbes shall pass excused for not having written better music on the occasion. His work is chiefly done ballad-wise: with a song or two, in the exploded style of Percy's and Callcott's *scenas*; and a duet, in which the modern Italian forms are imitated. Some of the pieces got *encored*; but the opera is not strong enough to last: nor has it a single captivating melody or commanding chorus. One of the scenes, in which the Faery Court is disclosed holding its revels around the tree, is pretty. The singers, one and all, surprise us: since the possibility of retaining music so characterless, is a marvel. Moreover, they seem all improved; far more in proper opera order than English singers used to be; executing with a juster taste and a finer finish than was formerly demanded on the stage. Mr. Bunn's chorus, too, is better this year than we recollect it; but his orchestra wants reinforcement in the violins. To conclude, we may say that Mr. Adam has not done his best in his share of 'The Marble Maiden,' compared with his music to 'La Fille du Danube,' and 'Giselle,' it is but the rinsings of the goblet, and the sweepings of the portfolio.

A new opera, by Mr. Wallace, is announced as speedily forthcoming.

HAYMARKET.—The compelled absence from London for two or three seasons has not only led to the further perfecting of Mr. Macready's talent, but to the great improvement of other leading performers, particularly of those who, from their too great nearness to Mr. Macready's sphere, had shown signs of losing their individuality in unavoidable imitation. The removal of such influence has been of essential benefit to Miss Faucit.

High as was our previous opinion of her, our present estimate of her histrionic talent stands rather in contrast than comparison with the past; nor can this be otherwise; for such is the change of style, that, with the same person, she is another actress. She has evidently been taught by self-dependence to think, to feel, to act for herself. The character of *Pauline Deschappelles*, in which she appeared on Monday, it must be confessed, is favourable for histrionic development, and, unlike the hero of the piece, commands sympathy at once. The heroine's pride is soon forgiven her, and for the rest, she is the sufferer, not the inflicter of wrong, and therefore the natural object of pity. Miss Faucit felt this, and assumed a passive quietness, which in its repose was charming as well as artistic. In this respect it is altogether different from the *Pauline* to which in former times she accustomed us. That was rage and violence—particularly in the third act—a torrent of indignation, which, indeed, in its excess lost the modest maiden in the precocious woman—a fault, after all, perhaps more attributable to the author than the actress. It is not so now. Nor has Miss Faucit only learned to correct the author's mistakes in execution, but to supply his deficiencies of conception. She rightly perceives that the character is but a sketch to be filled up by the genius of the performer, and has studied the appropriate by-play with a felicity and fullness of which we have had few examples. She has aimed at the ideal of the character, and has reached it,—so successfully, indeed, as to demonstrate that she has now assumed an independent position on the national stage, and is entitled to keep it. To point out the beauties of her playing were to go through every scene of the drama, and to discriminate between what the author has not done, and what the actress supplies—a task for which we have great inclination, but unfortunately little leisure. Besides, these things are not to be described—they must be seen; the disgust which she exhibits on *Beaucaut's* first entrance—the fondness with which she regards the flower-gift from her unknown admirer—the grace and tenderness with which she discloses her love to the pretended prince—the fondling and admiring attitude with which she listens to his description of his palace dwelling—the abandonment with which she surrenders to his will or necessity—the trusting bewilderment which accompanies the perception of suspicious circumstances—the gradual growth of suspicion itself—the anguish of doubt—the agony of its solution—the natural demand of a satisfactory reason for her wrong—the self-conviction with which she listens to her lover's apology—and the self-devotion with which she would blot out all offences, her own and his—all these things, we repeat, must be witnessed to be appreciated. It was not only excellent in itself, but fascinating in its effect. We have now to speak of Mr. Anderson as *Claude Melhotté*. Though far from successful in the character—though visited more than once with the disapprobation of the audience—he gave it to more of an individuality, and was more himself, than in any other part we recollect. That he has grown more corpulent, and was hoarse from excitement, are accidents rather than faults. The manner in which he sought to bring out minute points, though he sometimes failed in doing so, was meritorious. But in the climax of passion, he judiciously substituted loudness of voice for vehemence of emotion. It would be unfair, however, to suppose that in the general performance, he showed any tendency to ranting—quite the contrary: but his occasional want of judgment and taste makes him a hazardous actor. Still we hope that his experience on Monday evening may lead to good results.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Oct. 13.—M. Arago brought forward three communications from Mr. Bain, viz., a modification of the telegraph; the construction of clocks to be kept in movement by electricity; and a log for registering the speed of vessels at sea, with or without an electrical apparatus connected with the ship's compass. Mr. Bain's log is a modification of Massey's log, which is of great bulk, and liable to

injury from the action of the sea. Mr. Bain's log is a simple rotator with an internal mechanism, which is acted upon by the revolutions of the instrument, and a dial-plate, showing the rate of speed of the vessel. For instance, when the log in passing through the water has made a certain number of revolutions, the index marks a quarter of a mile, and goes on in the same way up to 100 miles, when the index recommences. The log is kept constantly in the water, except when the captain wishes to ascertain the distance that has been accomplished, and then it is drawn up, and the dial at the end of the tube being examined will show how many miles the ship has gone. This instrument has been submitted to the English Government, which has given orders for a trial of it. The electric apparatus consists of a wire connected with the compass. The electric fluid communicated by the sea, which in this case becomes the natural battery, is transmitted to the compass, and marks not only the rate of sailing, but every part of the ship's course. In the compass is placed a card printed with lines. At every quarter of a mile, a pen or pencil marks the course or direction of the ship upon the paper. The captain may thus ascertain, by looking at the compass, how the ship is steered and the rate at which she is passing through the water. When this paper is filled, it is removed, and another substituted, and thus a perfect registry is obtained. —M. Chateau, chemist of Chaux-de-Fonds, in Switzerland, writes to recommend that in consequence of the diseases with which the potato is affected this year, it should, when in a state of disease, be boiled with wood-ash, potash, or soda, &c., to correct its poisonous character. —M. Dujardin presented a description of a new magneto-electric machine, capable of producing powerful shocks, which consists of a fixed horse-shoe magnet, whose extremities are in the centre of coils, surrounded with insulated copper-wire; a moveable piece of soft iron continually changes the magnetic state of the loadstone, and thus produces energetic currents of induction. —A letter was received from M. Welter relative to an artesian well at Mondorf, in the duchy of Luxembourg. This well has already been bored to a depth of 671 metres, viz., 124 metres lower than that of Grenelle, but no water has been obtained. The temperature at the bottom is 34°, and at the surface 11°, showing that the increase of the temperature in proportion with the depth, is the same as at the artesian well of Grenelle, viz., 1° for 50 metres. —M. Lassaing proposed a new mode of analysis of atmospheric air, founded on the property of copper filings in the absorption of the whole of the oxygen in the presence of ammonia.

Hobbes and Witchcraft.—In your review of Pott's 'Discovery of Witches,' you quote an extract from Mr. Crossley's Introduction to that work, in which Mr. Crossley 'mentions some of our great English minds which were believers in witchcraft.' And in that extract I find the following sentence:—"Hobbes, ever sceptical, penetrating, and sagacious, yet here paralyzed and shrinking from the subject as if afraid to touch it." Mr. Crossley has made a mistake. Hobbes in his Leviathan distinctly expresses his disbelief in witchcraft. In page 9 of the edition published by Sir William Molesworth, Hobbes says, "From this ignorance of how to distinguish dreams and other strong fancies from vision and sense did arise... the opinion that rude people have of fairies, ghosts, and goblins, and of the power of witches. For as for witches, I think not that their witchcraft is any real power, but yet that they are justly punished for the false belief they have that they can do such mischief, joined with their purpose to do it if they can, their trade being nearer to a new religion than to a craft or science." In this sentence Hobbes not only states his disbelief in witchcraft, but gives the explanation of the fact that many of the so-called witches actually believed themselves to be witches; namely, that they mistook their dreams and other vivid fancies for sensations. Hobbes proposed to punish such persons for pretending to possess power to do mischief, and as impostors; and as such they are still liable to punishment and ought to be punished. I trust that you will correct this mistake with regard to the views of Hobbes. A SUBSCRIBER.

Bells.—A new peal of fifteen bells, weighing 257 cwt., has been ordered, by the Gresham Committee, for the Royal Exchange; to replace the present set, whose weight of metal, 131 cwt., has been found insufficient to surmount the noises of that busy world. The key of the largest note is c natural; and this, which weighs 54 cwt., will be the hour-bell. The chimes will be in motion, and their tunes arranged, in a few days.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. D.—T. S. J., and W. S. G. (with thanks).—A. W.—M.—W. C. B.—A. J. S.—received.
"An old Subscriber" (Ghent) ought to have known better. H. M. M. declined.

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Years ending	No. of Policies issued.	Annual Income.	Amount of Capital.
		£. s. d.	£. s. d.
30th November 1835 ..	616	8,691 10 0	10,736 3 0
" " 1837 ..	435	31,000 0 0	31,592 10 0
" " 1838 ..	459	19,934 19 4	46,555 0 0
" " 1839 ..	490	25,617 6 0	66,506 10 0
" " 1840 ..	494	31,051 10 0	90,545 12 0
" " 1841 ..	357	36,357 1 4	114,993 3 4
" " 1842 ..	364	30,360 9 7	128,906 1 7
" " 1843 ..	703	44,319 17 0	167,079 2 4
" " 1844 ..	722	55,037 9 3	202,162 1 9
Total Number	4,640		

The gratifying result of the valuation of the liabilities and assets of the Institution on the 30th November 1845, is exemplified in the following instances; exhibiting the profit assigned to Policies which had been in existence from one to seven years:—

Years in existence.	Age at commencement.	Sum Assured.	Amount of Bonus.	Original Premium.	Reduction Premium in lieu of Bonus.	Equal to a Reduction per cent. on the Original Premium of
Years.	Years.	£.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	
1	16	1,000	163 11 6	64 0 0	20 11 6	44
2	23	2,000	177 10 0	64 1 8	20 10 6	39
6	52	5,000	227 19 0	97 11 8	34 8 6	35
6	51	500	37 2 0	12 17 6	2 5 3	32
5	51	1,000	91 8 6	47 2 6	13 6 4	38
4	43	500	28 19 0	17 12 1	3 3 3	30
3	46	800	37 8 6	31 18 8	4 16 10	15
3	63	5,000	160 15 4	224 15 0	23 11 7	10
1	42	2,000	26 14 8	70 8 4	3 3 0	4

The next division of profits will be made in November 1847.

MEMBERS whose PREMIUMS BECAME DUE on the 1st INSTANT, are REMINDED that the same MUST BE PAID WITHIN THIRTY DAYS FROM THAT DATE.

The Report of the Directors to the Ninth Annual Meeting of November 1845, held on the 16th December, may be had on application at the Office.

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